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INTERPRETATIONS

OF THE ATTRIBUTES OF THE

①

Principal Fabulous Deities,

WITH AN ESSAY ON THE

HISTORY OF MYTHOLOGY.

ORIGINALLY GIVEN IN LECTURES

BY CHRISTOPHOROS PLATO CASTANIS,  
OF SCIO, GREECE.

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PUBLISHED BY REQUEST OF THE TEACHERS OF THE PRINCIPAL SEMINARIES  
AND LITERARY INSTITUTIONS OF THE UNITED STATES.

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PORTLAND:  
WILLIAM HYDE, PUBLISHER.  
THURSTON, ILSLEY & CO. PRINTERS.  
1844.

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TO THE  
CHAMPIONS OF GREECE  
IN  
THE COUNCIL OF AMERICA,  
THIS LITTLE WORK  
IS OFFERED, AS A SLIGHT ACKNOWLEDGEMENT IN  
BEHALF OF HIS COUNTRY,  
BY THE AUTHOR.

W333271



## P R E L I M I N A R Y .

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The innumerable allusions to Mythological beings, in all modern and ancient literature, render the study of the Greek Theogony a subject of importance to the scholar. The Pagan Pantheon of twelve gods, has been illustrated by able critics, and is already well known in classic institutions, but the Theosophy, or systematic theory of their meaning, has probably not been published in the English language. I do not refer to Paganism, which has frequently been exposed, by various commentators. I intend, at present, to speak only of the classic or philosophical use of Mythology—the same use which Milton, Shakspear and Byron, make of it, when they adorn their works with ancient fiction. Homer is the earliest author who employs the Olympian Deities, as a sort of ideal machinery, to facilitate the action of his genius, or as a fulcrum to rest his mind upon. From Homer, nearly three thousand years ago, down to these times, an unbroken series of native or foreign imitators, followed his example ; but that we may appreciate the imagery of those authors, who drink from the time-honored source of metaphorical diction, we must transport the imagination to Greece—the origin, we might say, of every symbolic attribute of nature. Some persons look upon emblems, as a veil to the signification, but such is not the object of Mythology—it is to render description more vivid, and truth more evident. The mingling of the supernatural with the real, is characteristic of the historical or traditional compositions of antiquity. The Greeks blended allegory with every department of poetry, and created muses to govern the figurative worlds of thought.

The poetic deities owed their birth and the scene of their exploits, to some part of Greece. From that circumstance, the rocks, streams and mounds of that country, obtained a sanctity of association, inspiring reverence and unparalleled patriotism in the inhabitants. The sacred fire of the enthusiasm of genius, was first kindled, in the ro-



mantic dedication of Mythology to nature, by Homer, the monarch of Theosophical allegory.

By him, a consecration was conferred on the most common objects ; the traveller, even now, from such reminiscences, takes delight in performing classic pilgrimages. Byron, on reaching the foot of Mt. Parnassus, burst forth into a sublime strain, showing that he was not proof against the inspiration of the waters of Castalia. Passing the bounds of eulogy, he launched his fancy into the tide of adoration, such as none but his own mighty intellect would have restored from ages of neglect or oblivion.

Oh, thou Parnassus ! whom I now survey  
Not in the phrenzy of a dreamer's eye ;  
Not in the fabled landscape of a lay,  
But soaring, snow-clad, through thy native sky,  
In the wild pomp of mountain majesty !

Oft have I dreamed of thee ! whose glorious name,  
Who knows not, knows not man's *divinest* lore ;  
And now I view thee, 'tis, alas ! with shame,  
That I, in feeble accents must adore.  
When I recount thy worshippers of yore,  
I tremble, and can only bend the knee ;  
Nor raise my voice, nor vainly dare to soar,  
But gaze beneath thy cloudy canopy,  
In silent joy to think at last I look on thee !

Parnassus was first called Larnassus, from larnax, the ark of Deucalion, which rested there after the deluge. This tradition established its reputation, and devoted it to every commemoration which learning could bestow. It is the highest mountain, in Phocis, and contains a natural cave, sufficient to shelter all the natives from invasion, in time of war. During the late Greek revolution, Odysseus, a chieftain, made it his place of rendezvous. The warriors who inhabited the Parnassian steeps, awakened the muses to sing their exploits, in recovering their liberty from Turkish usurpers.

Not only the centre of learning, but the circle of Grecian associations, was enlivened by the magic wand of Byron's fancy. The Aegean sea mingled with the tide of his brilliant song.

The Isles of Greece ! the Isles of Greece !  
Where burning *Sappho* loved and sung ;  
Where grew the arts of war and peace,  
Where *Delos* rose, and *Phæbus* sprung.

In explaining the Greek Mythology, we follow the opinions of many ancient philosophers, the earliest of whom was Palæphatus, who flourished a century and a half after Aristotle. These authors travelled abroad, through many countries, and discovered the origin of many traditions connected with fabulous narrations.

VALUE PLACED ON MYTHOLOGY BY THE GREEKS.—It is asserted in history, that when the ancient Romans requested a copy of the laws of the twelve principal fabulous deities, the Greeks despatched an ambassador to Rome, to see if the Italian barbarians were worthy of receiving such a valuable trust.

NOTE.—Nothing objectionable, on the score of modesty, will be found in this work.



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ERRATUM.—Page 30. The intelligence we had from Greece, that the Russians had conquered the Georgians and put a stop to the sale of their maidens, is unfounded.

# Mythological Interpretations.

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## PRIMEVAL DEITIES.

### CÆLUS AND TERRA OR URANUS AND TITÆA.

Cosmos, the ornament, was a name given to the world, from the beautiful arrangement of the mundane system. Uranus, Heaven, was supposed to be the spirit by which the universe in its motion, appears to be animated; while Titæa, Earth, was the heart which revived all things. Their origin was ascribed, by the Greeks, to an unknown god, whose titles were various; one of them being Acmon, the unwearied. The primeval deity had no real name, except the word Divinity, attended with such epithets as belong to a personage not confined to locality, nor to definition.

### SATURN AND OPS, OR CRONOS AND RHEA.

Cronos (or Chronos,) means time; and Rhea denotes the flow or motion of material substances in space. These personages were generated by Cælus and Terra, or the spirit and heart of the universe. All-conquering Time, or Cronos, devoured his children, except those whom Motion, or Rhea, concealed from his knowledge. From them were born or descended, the twelve gods of Paganism.

## THE OLYMPIAN DEITIES.

The twelve gods established in Greece, by Cecrops, were Jupiter, with his brother Neptune, his three sisters, Juno, Ceres and Vesta, his four sons, Apollo, Mars, Mercury and Vulcan, and his three daughters, Minerva, Diana and Venus. These individuals constitute the royal family of divine pedigree. Their court was upon Olympus, a cele-

brated mountain, on the northern boundary of Thessaly. It is capped with perpetual snow, and girt with mighty forests. This mountain is the favorite haunt of the children of liberty, resisting tyranny, and defending its time-honored and revered summits from barbarous pollution. The Turks have never been able to conquer the native Olympians, who, to this day, carry on a predatory guerilla warfare against the neighboring districts. Probably, in ancient times, it was equally hallowed by free principles, and sanctified by heroism. The warriors of yore, might have descended from its ridges, and delivered their fellow countrymen from invasion, in the same manner that in modern times, they left the precipice and entered the field, with the Parnassians, Spartans and Suliots, to fight against the Sublime Porte. Greece even now, looks to Olympus, as the tower of her bravery, withstanding not only the Sultan, but Aly Pasha, the Albanian rebel. The name of Stergios, the bold chieftain, who refused to treat with the despot, finds a noble association with the thunderer. Where Jove directed the bolts of nature, Stergios winged the bolts of sulphurous war, and protected the approach of liberty, before the revolution of all the Grecian communities blazed forth.

Perhaps Jove, Jupiter, or Zeus, was a monarch or chieftain of some of the ancient heroes. The Egyptian names of the gods were changed for Greek titles. Whatever may have been his natural origin, it seems that even before the time of Homer, Jove was considered as the eternal deity. In support of this, we quote a translation of an Orphic hymn.

“Zeus, God of the swift thunderbolt, was first, and Zeus was last.  
Zeus, the head, Zeus the middle; out of Zeus all things have been  
made.

Zeus is the foundation of the earth and of the starry heaven.  
Zeus became a male, Zeus too was an immortal nymph.  
Zeus is the breath of all things; Zeus is the rush of unwearied fires.  
Zeus is the route of the ocean; Zeus is the sun and moon.  
Zeus is king; Zeus is governor of all, by his swift thunderbolt.  
For after hiding all things, again to the gladdening light,  
He restored them from his sacred heart, achieving wonderful deeds.”

Plato called Jupiter the universe, and connects him with his notions on the trinity, or the three persons of the Godhead. Other philosophers have called Jove the soul, others,

the immaterial or immortal essence. His name they derive from the verb *zeen*, to live, indicating that he is the universal life. This interpretation of Jove, seems highly metaphysical, and more elevated than what we are accustomed to allow to the Pagan idea. Plato's notions of Jove, have nothing to do with the Mythological meaning, and we proceed to define him emblematically.

JUPITER.

Jupiter is the symbolic attribute of sovereign authority, government and counsel. He is regarded, not merely as the national protector and savior of a people, but as the international defender of justice and clemency. He is related to have dethroned Cronos or *Time*, and gained immortal supremacy by the conquest. This indicates the mode of acquiring royal authority, either by destroying the *despotism of ages*, or by exhibiting heroism, *quick* and *sure* as the *thunderbolt*, that *momentary* emblem of Jove. The only way to gain time or kill time, is to be enterprising, persevering, prudent, and reflective, in our actions. The most remarkable, modern imitator of Jove, was Napoleon, a native of obscure Corsica. He wielded the thunder of earthly war, with such effect, that he might be said to have dethroned old father Time. Anciently, Alexander the great, and Cæsar, displayed the passion which Homer inspired, by his allegorical image of Jove. If imperial ambition owes its victories to the destruction of Time, how much more should people, in the ordinary course of life, exert their energy like a thunderbolt! If war demands vigorous and prompt decision and action, should not the arts of Peace and Knowledge be conducted like lightning, to accomplish a good purpose? The enthusiasm of Genius and Taste, often generates rapid improvement. Columbus, by prompt application to Isabella, secured assistance to discover America. What the navigators of many thousand years, had not done, the great Columbus achieved in the short period of a few weeks. Look at every remarkable and wonderful advancement of society; it is the offspring of a calculation which works like electricity.

The mighty heroes who, in every age, have descended from Olympus, to restore liberty to Greece, created the popular notion, that this mountain was ruled by the divine host. As the eagle frequents those inaccessible summits and crags, it became the feathered emblem of liberty, and the particular favorite of Jove. The American eagle, de-



scribed by Neal, corresponds with the Mythological traits of that proud symbol of unconquered freedom.

"There's a fierce grey Bird, with a bending beak,  
With an angry eye and a startling shriek,  
That nurses her brood where the cliff-flowers blow,  
On the precipice top, in perpetual snow.

\* \* \* \* \*

Above the dark torrent, above the bright stream,  
'The voice may be heard  
Of the Thunderer's bird,  
Calling out to her God, in a clear wild scream.  
( 'T is the Bird of our banner, the free bird that braves,  
When the battle is there, all the wrath of the waves.)

\* \* \* \* \*

That *monarch Bird!* she slumbers in the night  
Upon the lofty air-peak's utmost height;  
Rides with the *Thunderer* in his blazing march,  
And bears his lightnings o'er yon boundless arch."  
Or, soars above the storm, amid the ray  
Of steady, cloudless, everlasting day.

In ancient times, the Cretans, the exccutors of the laws of Minos and Rhadamanthus, bore as a standard, an eagle, holding Jove's bolts. Zeus is crowned with an olive-wreath, on account of the harmony of its color with the celestial azure, and the association of peace, which Rulers should place at the head of all policy.

Besides the epithet of Eleutherios, the Deliverer, Jove also was called Xenios, the hospitable. Certainly, the government, which delivers itself from foreign tyranny, displays a noble spirit, by returning good for evil, in a hospitable manner. Strangers, visiting Greece, in ancient times, were protected by Jupiter Xenios. The sight of Olympus, with all its terrors, was a welcome view to the weary wanderer from abroad. The Scythian, the Gaul, and the farthest nations, found access to the Grecian soil, and friendship, free from bigotry or fanaticism. At the present day, this American Republic relieves the exile and the pilgrim in a strange land. Wherever Jove's eagle flies, Hospitality and Freedom follow.

Whatever may be the metaphysical idea of Jove, we know that in Mythology, his will was regarded as consonant with the decrees of Fate, but his action was often

overruled by mortals. Fate, among the Greeks, was far different from the inexorable belief of other nations. In the *Iliad*, Jove allows that the impetuosity of Achilles is able to overthrow destiny. [*Iliad* xx, 29.]

'Tis true (the cloud-compelling power replies,)   
 This day we call the council of the skies,   
 In care of human race; ~~Then~~ Jove's own eye   
 Sees with regret unhappy ~~mortals~~ die.   
 Far on Olympus' top, in ~~secret~~ state   
 Ourselves will sit, and see the hand of *Fate*   
 Work out our will. Celestial powers! descend,   
 And as your minds direct, your succor lend   
 To either host. Troy soon must be o'erthrown,   
 If uncontrolled, Achilles fights alone;   
 Their troops but lately durst not meet his eyes:   
 What can they now, if in his rage he rise?   
 Assist them, gods! or Ilion's sacred wall   
 May *fall this day*, though *Fate forbids the fall!*

The dexterity of Homer, in shaping the most common and trivial superstition of the age to a cause, is apparent in the description of the visit of Priam to Achilles, to obtain the body of Hector. To meet an eagle on starting, was considered a lucky omen; consequently, the poet, in painting the workings of sovereign authority, makes the eagle a special deputy from the Olympian throne of Jupiter. Old Priam prayed for the attendance of the plumed emblem of the Deliverer, and was answered.

Jove heard his prayer, and from the throne on high   
 Despatched his bird, celestial augury!   
 The swift-wing'd chaser of the feathered game,   
 And known to gods, by Perenos' lofty name.   
 Wide, as appears some palace-gate displayed,   
 So broad his pinions stretched their ample shade,   
 As stooping slowly with resounding wings,   
 Th' imperial bird descends in airy rings.

Priam, beholding the bird, left his palace, and was traversing the plain, when Jove, pitying his misery, despatched Mercury to conduct him to the tent of the swift-footed Greek. The messenger of the deities met the Trojan,

—————“at the silver spring   
 That circling Illus' ancient marble flows.”

The two charioteers reposed themselves, and refreshed their steeds. Mercury offered to protect the aged adventurer, in his mission, and assist him in recovering Hector's body. Priam thus replied:

Blest is the man who pays the gods above,  
The constant tribute of respect and love;  
Those who inhabit the Olympian bower,  
My son forgot not, in exalted power;  
And heaven, that every virtue bears in mind,  
Ev'n to the ashes of the just is kind.  
But thou, Oh! generous youth, this goblet take,  
A pledge of gratitude for Hector's sake;  
And while the favoring gods our steps survey,  
Safe to Pelides' tent conduct my way.

Mercury refuses to taste of the wine offered by Priam, and replies:

—————O! king, forbear  
To tempt my youth, for apt is youth to err :  
But can I, absent from my prince's sight,  
Take gifts in secret which must shun the light?

Take notice of this moral passage, ye men of office, and of other occupations. The deference exhibited by Achilles for Jove, in restoring Hector's body, proves that the father of Deities was not considered, as an enemy to Greece, although he embraced the Trojan party, in the poetic sense of Homer's imagery. On the contrary, he is represented as having the care of the human race, and regretting to see unhappy mortals die. Thus, by a master-stroke of metaphor, the passions attributed to Jove, down to the intrigues of his court, blend in beautiful harmony, with the actions of celestial and earthly beings.

#### VULCAN, OR HEPHÆSTUS.

The origin of the arts, is attributed to Minerva and Vulcan. The deity of the forge was born from Jupiter and Hera or Juno; emblematically, Zeus, whose agent is electricity, in co-operation with Hera, the air, begat the flame, which kindles the useful arts of the smith and the engraver. Hephæstus, is derived from the Greek word, *apto*, to kindle.

Vulcan, therefore, meaning the fiery agency of the artizan, is called lame, because fire naturally requires a staff of

wood or some other combustible to support it. He was thrown by Zeus from heaven to earth; this alludes to the igneous action of the thunderbolt, which remains after a thunderclap. It is the first example which man had of lighting torches. Very properly, allegory states that the god of combustion was cast down from above. Wherever he goes, he needs an inflammable support, an emblem of lameness. This mythological cripple, devoted himself entirely, to curious workmanship and elegant and graceful mouldings and castings. The perfection of his hammer was renowned; for he struck while the iron was hot. Passing the bounds of an ordinary forger and founder, he entered the metaphysics of smithery, and fashioned ornaments and instruments of unrivalled genius and taste. This lofty application of manual labor, to skilful effort, gave rise to a new fable. Venus was united to the perspiring artizan, in wedlock. Assuredly, whoever saw the splendid armor of Achilles, wrought by Vulcan, was ready to acknowledge that the figures and emblems, with which it was ornamented, were sufficient to show that the artist had an idea of the beautiful. In order to denote more forcibly the origin of his charming conceptions of symmetry and graceful outline, they supposed him the spouse of the Cyprian goddess. The delight created, by a contemplation of his masterpiece, added lustre to the fable; the Charities or the Graces also accompanied him to the anvil, and guided his laborious achievements. The perpetual motion of the factory, the swiftness of the rail-car and the steam-ship—what are they, but the blows of his hammer?

The deliverance of Minerva, from Jove's brain, crowns the sublime notion of Vulcan's office. When the axe of the artizan fell on the skull of the Thunderer, the blue-eyed goddess issued to independent and matured being, clad in the panoply of wisdom and industry. In the same way, under the axe of a mortal artizan, many a source of thought is opened. The natural ingenuity and the practical skill of an enterprising blacksmith at the forge, are fancied scintillating from the labored metal, like emblems of intellect.

While Jove was waiting on Olympus, Vulcan forged his thunderbolts, under Aetna, a mountain of Sicily. This volcanic summit rises like a funnel, two miles in height and forms a sublime poetical idea of a work-shop of an allegorical artizan.

## MINERVA, OR ATHENA.

Jove's mental conceptions, embodied, are called Pallas or Athena. She was worshipped, as the Providence residing in his nature, under the title of "Provident." Two other titles of hers were Budea or ox-yoking, and Ergane or worker. These constituted the goddess, the protectress of the husbandman and the common laborer. Vulcan was regarded as her cooperator in civilizing and refining man. These two deities were the favorites of the Athenians. Minerva, with her spear and ægis, defended the rights of social improvement; while Vulcan, actively made discoveries with his hammer and tongs. Her spear represented conscience, and her shield typified argument, reason's ægis.

Pallas is motherless, to show that virtuous intelligence is not of animal extraction. Her virginity, typifies the pure imaginings of true wisdom.

The original Palladium, at Athens, fabled as having fallen down from heaven, was a statue of Minerva, holding in one hand a spear, and in the other a distaff. The symbol of industry was a fit example for the Greek maidens. Under her sovereignty, the spinning-wheel made rapid evolutions; the loom was not neglected as long as the fair hand could wield the shuttle; and the useful arts were not considered beneath the notice of the Athenian matrons and their daughters.

The birth of Pallas, from the brain of Jupiter, is a beautiful allegory, worthy of being studied by monarchs. The sovereign arbiter of Olympus, had an eye on wisdom and industry; his cogitations took a form, and by the help of a smith, he brought to light the being, whom well-cultivated and patronized art naturally generates. When a king or a free government, casts a benevolent look upon the artist and contributes to call forth the genius and taste of the common laborer, we must expect to see many a beautiful image rushing, in bright panoply, from the head of political power. When Pericles patronized Phidias and other masters of antiquity, a glorious image of Grecian skill was produced. The city of Athens, named from Athena, displayed its preference for that goddess. In foreign nations, it became a proverb, that the *Greeks seek after wisdom!* Of all the Olympian Deities, worshipped at Athens, and in her Ionian colonies, Pallas was the principal and universal protectress of all. Her temples and statues crowned the city and the mountain, and ornamented the

shore and the island. Her lofty Parthenon, on the Athenian Acropolis, has bravely resisted the attacks of time and barbarous warfare. The noble temple bears the marks of Turkish, Venetian and Egyptian invasion; but the European powers have, at last, released the altar of wisdom from the sacriligious hands of tyranny.

#### APOLLO.

Apollo, is the sun, and Diana, the moon. They are called archers, from darting rays of light, dispelling darkness. The one is denominated Hecatus, the other Hecate. Violent diseases were attributed to their influence. Pestilence was their avenger. Whenever their devotees were insulted, the culprits were not suffered to escape. The Greeks were severely punished for having deprived the Phœban priest Chryses of his only daughter, the fair Briseis, whom Agamemnon was unwilling to release. A mortality raged in the camp of the besiegers and destroyed thousands. The poet evidently adopts the superstition of the age, and creates a captivating simile of the sharp-eyed god, casting the darts of pestilential fatality. The noxious vapors, arising from the field of battle, naturally bred infection under the burning Asiatic sky. The dogs and mules were the first victims. The description by Homer is perfectly harmonious, with what the present lecturer has witnessed in the wars of the Greeks to obtain their liberty. I was a sufferer in the terrible events of 1822, when the island of Scio was covered with the carcasses of unjustly massacred Greeks. The beautiful Apollonic institutions of learning were destroyed by the Turk. The devotees of science, weltering in blood, invoked the aid of Heaven. The sunbeams of Apollo seemed to answer the voices that cried from the ground. During the sultry days of April, the darts of Phœbus and the arrows of Diana, raised the deadly exhalations from the fields of carnage and created a pestilential infection. The dogs and mules, lying upon the ground, caught the disease first, and ran about, wild with anguish. Stung to madness, they disobeyed their masters and attacked every object in their way. The progress of the contagion next reached man. The Turkish deaths were so numerous, that there was no time to perform the usual ablution upon the corpses of the devotees of the prophet of Mecca. The Musulmans died by hundreds every day, until the pestilence had exhausted its rage. Such was the vengeance of Apollo against the sacriligious

and fanatical Ottoman! In a metaphorical sense, we might say that Scio was avenged by the Apollonic attribute which she anciently worshipped, and in modern times honored. When I remember the fate of my native island, and the chastisement suffered by the invaders, I compare it with the assertion of Homer, in the first book of the Iliad, that the pestilence atoned for the unjust carnage of nations.

But pestilence was not the only Phœban manifestation : Hesiod says,

“ Sharp eyed Appollo with the muse gave birth  
To minstrelsy of men and kings on earth.”

On this account, the swan is sacred to Apollo, for being the most musical of the feathered tribe. The laurel is one of his emblems, because it is highly inflammable, and used in purification. This plant, therefore, may appertain with propriety to the deity that burns and purifies in spirit. His epithet Agyeus or street-going, is quite apt and expressive. Not only his emblem the sun, enlightens the street, but when he takes his lyre and sallies forth into the public thoroughfare he wakens his notes to chase melancholy from the saddest mind. When his devotee, in the attitude of a minstrel, wanders about to delight the multitude, the magic touch of the thrilling chord operates, like an illumination, upon the mind of the listener. The songster tunes his voice, in harmony with his instrument ; all nature sparkles ; he strikes a lofty note ; and when his art reaches the height of perfection under a liberal patronage, he can almost dare cope with his divine master of song. He alters his key to a more sublime turn and seems to scatter sunshine, behind the darkest walls, and fill every enclosure with a cheering radiance. His very serenade starts forth like light from darkness ; and when he departs, and his notes die away, and his music is hushed, one may say of him, as of the sun,

’T is sunset, and every street is darkened !

#### MARS AND BELLONA, OR ARES AND ENYO.

The original idea of a blood-thirsty, murderous and boisterous Mars, was generated in Thrace, the primeval hot-bed of atrocious warfare and strife. That country carried the worship of this divinity too far, and cultivated such a spirit of commotion and hostility, that the inhabitants quarrelled among themselves, and, in spite of their opulence, never enjoyed the blessings of peace. Unfortunately, they transferred their ferocity to other nations, that were

less discordant. The Romans, adopting the god of battles, promoted him to the highest rank of reverence, and employed his inspiration to break asunder the nations of the earth. But they, at last, degenerated into the notorious gladiatorial fights, which were exhibited, as an entertainment to the fair sex of the eternal city. The Greeks on the contrary, paid very little attention to the god of battles. Only a few temples were erected to his memory. The Hellenic idea of Mars was not fierce and inexorable. They civilized his wild and intractable traits to mildness, and called him the inventor of harmony. This novel notion of his character presents an important change for the better. Bellona, for euphemism, was termed gentle. In such a manner, the Greeks found in language a resource to counteract the evil effects of a furious and ungovernable deity. Flattering epithets and all kinds of charms, were employed to avoid the vengeance of Bellona. Some over-devout or superstitious worshippers, pretended that the voice of Mars resounded above the shouts of battle and the shock of arms. For this reason, they bethought themselves of a sacrifice complimentary to his tremendous yells. Jackasses were selected as the most appropriate for his altar. Phornutus, the Philosopher, gravely asserts that the long-eared animals, by their terribly discordant braying, convey a martial impression. The title of this deity, Alalaxious, (vociferating) gave rise to other sacrifices. Dogs, for their howling, were assigned to his altar, and bled for his reverence.

At the present day, in Christian lands, the art of Mars is continued. The means of war seem to be too violent for the end. If wars were made for the purpose of securing peace, and not for the object of conquest, the world would proceed more happily. No nation ought to fight except to free itself from foreign invaders. The Greeks, in the late revolution, were not excited to combat, by interest, but by justice and religion. If they had adopted the Turkish creed, they could have lived. But they were determined to adhere to Christianity. The Sultan gave orders for the total extermination of the Greek nation. During the first two years, upwards of two hundred thousand innocent and defenceless persons were slain, under the eye of the Emperor, by his myrmidons. The Greeks began to understand, that the question was, "to be, or not to be!" But the most aggravating circumstance was the massacre, at Scio, when sixty thousand harmless individuals were butchered, and forty thousand led into captivity. That island, had been celebrated, for professing the principles of a peace-commu-



nity. The natives never followed the profession of arms; they were not supplied with weapons; and they paid heavy tributes to the Sultan, as a pledge of neutrality.—Notwithstanding their costly submission, they were devoted to relentless flames and carnage. For that reason, the Greeks took up arms and drove the invader from their shores.

Among other Christian races, we find remarkable tokens of martial prowess. Napoleon is the modern Mars of the French. The monuments and statues erected to his memory are numerous and costly. Mars and Bellona, are worshipped, in spirit if not in image, by the European Monarchs and Kings. Flushed, with a victory, at Agincourt, the British extolled Henry V. to the skies, and deified him in imagination. Shakspear, alluding to royal Harry, with genuine zeal, christened him the Mars of Albion. [King Henry V., chorus.]

O, for a muse of fire, that would ascend  
The brightest heaven of invention !  
A Kingdom for a stage, princes to act,  
And monarchs to behold the swelling scene !  
Then should the *warlike Harry*, like himself,  
Assume the *port of Mars* !

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We take our leave of the Pagan Pantheon, and proceed to explain some of the mythological creations of the Greeks. In the following remarks we present the opinions of various philosophers.

#### THE MUSES.

The name of the Muses is derived from *mosis*, meaning investigation. They are daughters of Jupiter and Mnemosyne, (memory.) Their number varied according to the strings upon the lyre, until it was settled at *nine*; and for this reason they are termed the *Sacred Nine*. They are females, because, virtue and acquirements, are generally denominated feminine. They reside and dance together, to denote how inseparable are all associations of useful attainments. Their chief occupation is, the composition of

hymns, and the culture of the mind; the element and principle of their education is, to seek after what is divine. This idea of instruction is indicated by their titles.

Clio, the muse of history, is derived from *cleos*, glory; Euterpe, music, from *euterpes*, delighting; Thalia, comedy, from *thallo*, to bloom, or *thalia*, festive; Melphomene, tragedy, from *melpo*, to sing and dance; Terpsichore, dancing, from *terpomai* and *choros*, delight in the dance; Erato, amatory poetry, from *eros*, love; Polyhymnia, eloquence, from *polyhymnos*, tuneful; Urania, astronomy, from *uranos*, heaven; Calliope, the epic muse, from *calliepes*, well spoken.

Apollo leads their choir, because minstrelsy should accompany meditative attributes, to inspire imagination. The mountains are their place of assembly. Aristophanes asserts, that man should retire to solitary haunts to reflect upon grave and important subjects. The birth of the Muses was by night, to denote the utility of nocturnal thoughts. The night itself was often called *euphrone*, from *eu phronein*, to ponder well, according to the opinion of Epicharmus, who says; "Who would seek after wisdom, let him be mindful of nightly musings; because the stillness and obscurity of the evening relieve the tone and brightness of clear and profound argument."

The daughters of Mnemosyne are crowned with wreaths of Palm. The Greek word, Phœnix, meaning both palm and Phœnician, may be a memento of the introduction of letters to Greece by Cadmus who probably wrote them on the leaf of this tree, so famous in Syria. It is most evident that the palm-tree, with its luscious dates, is typical of the fruits of education and refinement; it is ever-green, nutritive, useful timber, difficult to climb, but productive of pleasure and benefit to the proprietor.

#### MEDEA.

One of the most curious and fascinating fables, invented by the ancients, is that of Medea, the daughter of Aetes, King of Colchis. This was an opulent Indian colony, that transported the manufacture of linen to the Eastern coast of the Euxine. Jason, a bold Thessalian Greek adventurer, arrived in the ship Argo, and made preparations to obtain the golden fleece: that is, the royal treasury of that industrious realm. Jason was cunning; he knew human nature to perfection: and, adopting the true course in such case, he employed female influence. Securing the affections of Medea, by his professions of disinterested love, he made her an accomplice, in all his designs. The Princess helped him to her father's property, and eloped with the seductive

stranger. When she arrived in Greece, with Jason, her exotic beauty attracted the admiring gaze of her adopted countrymen. Her superior civilization, her wealth and her princely descent, raised her popularity tenfold. The mild and enchanting climate of Greece was congenial to her nature. She looked upon Thessaly, as a second Colchis, but far more attractive. Her beauty, though wonderful, was not her chief boast; her talent and ability she took pleasure in displaying. According to the opinion of the acute philosopher Palaephatus, she was the inventress of hair-dyes and tinctures, of all kinds, together with infallible vegetable waters. She could remove wrinkles, freckles, moles, blemishes and everything that can tarnish or disfigure the cheek or the brow. Her ingenuity discovered a flower, the juice of which was distilled for the benefit of the aged and decrepid. To turn white hair to dark, and red hair to auburn, was the boast of Medea's talent. Taking under her practice old men, with grey locks, she sent them home in due time, after the process, with the blackest ringlets of a youthful Adonis. Probably this was done without an eye to pecuniary speculation, for she was not a professional hair-dresser. She was a princess and pursued this course to obtain popularity. Jason, her husband, had been cheated out of his right to the throne of Ioleos, by the usurper Pelias. Medea, full of ambition continued with unwearied perseverance to exercise her skill. Old Bachelors, whose heads wore a wintry aspect of cheerless forebodings, resorted to the farfamed enchantress. Aeson, her father-in-law, old as he was, underwent the revivifying process, but when his locks were turned to black, his decrepitude seemed to mock his youthful look. This excited tremendous laughter, throughout the kingdom. I have seen many, in our day, retire to bed with white or red hair and come to breakfast with the fashionable black! The usurper, Pelias, who had driven him from regal preeminence, now exerted sarcasm and ridicule with cutting effect. Aeson was irritated. Medea sympathized with her unjustly treated father-in-law, and set her head to work to discover a new process to restore vigor. In her former country, Colchis, being of Indian or Egyptian origin, there were baths on the principle followed now by the Turks, a nation from Caucasus, the place where Medea sprung to existence. In these baths, there are various rooms, heated from summer-warmth, up to the boiling temperature. In the last apartment are many tubs of boiling water, where the persons who bathe, are plunged by the Hamamjee or Bather. Dumas, a French writer, makes a similar description of the

baths of Egypt. He asserts that after a certain gradual succession of heat, the subject is able to endure boiling water without inconvenience. I have myself seen the operation. In Thessaly, it was not customary to bathe in this manner, before Medea's time. She therefore determined to build a bathing house, provided with hot water and steam. In order to secure the monopoly of the improvement, she associated it with enchantment and a thousand artifices, such as only woman is able to devise. The word *pyria*, by which Medea designated the cauldron, was afterwards used by the Greeks to signify a "bathing tub." No admittance was allowed to visitors; only subjects were introduced under oath to keep all secret. The privileged orders were benefited by her art; she increased in popularity as a princely Hamamjee. She took old Aeson, her Father-in-law, made him undergo a course of purification, dieted the patient with various herbs and revivifying esculents, and placed him on foot again, reinvigorated and youthful. His wrinkles were gone; he was plump; and every one looked upon the princess of the Indian colony of Colchis, with more reverence than Americans regard an Indian Doctress. Many an old bachelor regained his prime, and secured an heiress by the art of Medea. But the wonder of the Kingdom was to see the change wrought upon Aeson. The Usurper, Pelias, called Medea to account and asked her the process, by which she had revived his former rival. She answered that *parepsesis*, or parboiling, was the method. He stared at the assertion, and requested an opportunity of witnessing the performance. Accordingly, several favorites of the court, who had retired into seclusion, were called forward to undergo the operation. They submitted and were restored by the steam and the hot water. Their hair was then dyed black, and they appeared young again. The King who had allowed them only half pay in their retirement from office, restored them to their posts with a full salary. Thus Medea's reputation went on most swimmingly. Pelias, the usurper could not bear to behold Aeson, his former rival, young, and himself trembling with age. Seeking the friendship of Medea, he entered her bath with guards and ordered her to renew his long lost comeliness and vigor. Agreeably to regal command, she dyed his hair a glossy black. Next he took a steaming. For a while he felt a return of strength; but he indulged so frequently in the bath, that his nature was too weak to bear it. On one occasion after being well steamed and showered, he ventured to plunge too suddenly into the boiling

water. The quick transition from a low to a high temperature overcame his life; he died in a parboiled state. This misfortune overthrew the whole system. The son of Pelias raised an army and drove Jason and Medea to Corinth. No charity, in those days, was harbored in her favor. On seeing the kettles, the wood and fire, the hot water and other preparations, the populace declared that the whole was enchantment. She had employed witchcraft in curing others, but had unjustly destroyed Pelias, from motives of revenge. The superstition of the age magnified the extravagant scandal, and accused the innocent princess of wilful murder. Still it is not likely that she intended hostility, knowing that her popularity was endangered. She used every effort to restore Pelias, but his decrepitude frustrated her design. This is a good lesson to people in our day, who invent or adopt false charms. The borrowed plumes may decay and the false complexion soon wither. The best course is to beautify and renew the mind and heart. Grey hairs are objects of reverence, and every old man should be proud of the tokens of wisdom and experience. Some hot-headed veterans are opposed to such notions, but every sensible reasoner looks upon age as honorable.

#### ACTÆON.

It was currently reported, and generally believed, by the Greeks, that Actæon was changed into a stag, by Diana, and devoured by his own dogs. The philosophers were of a different opinion. They asserted that this was nothing but an allegory, invented by the poets, calling it absurd to speak of a dog devouring his master. Hunting-hounds, especially, are faithful to their keeper, under every vicissitude. The story that Diana turned him into a stag, said they, is incredible; it was intended merely to inspire reverence for superior Divinities. A man cannot naturally become an animal by a sudden metamorphosis, but in an allegorical sense, we may often make such a declaration with justice. The fable was pragmatized as follows.

Actæon was a Bœotian gentleman, very fond of the chase. He kept regular packs of hounds, and was accustomed to surprise the game, upon the mountains, around his affluent estates. Being the grandson of Cadmus, who brought letters to Greece, he indulged in freaks of aristocracy. To support his noble rank, he made every extravagant expense, in order to appear greater than he was, in reality. So strong became his hunting passion, and his

love for dogs, that he forgot the sacrifice of his pecuniary resources. It must be recollected that the men of those times, in Greece, were dependent upon their individual means, and were disconnected with any grand social or political system. Slaves were not used; each proprietor co-operated with his laborers in the culture of the ground, and mingled with the peasantry in the most menial toil. Actæon, inheriting the Egyptian ideas of indolence from his grandfather, on his mother's side, was anxious to pass for a sinecure lord. Now such a practice could not succeed in a country, where democratic principles are engrafted on the mind. Aristæus, his father, lent him useful counsel, and tried to persuade him to reform his habits, quit the chase and oversee his estates. In vain! His advice was frustrated by Autonœ, the hunter's mother. In all cases, when woman interferes for a bad purpose, evil follows, and ruin may be expected. Autonœ encouraged his propensity, and hoped, by her intrigues, to promote him to some high office in the government. Actæon neglected his household affairs, and dissipated his revenue in foolish extravagance. His country-house was on Mt. Cithæron, at a spring called Gargaphia, about a mile and a half from Platæa. Reveling in the excess of pleasure, he made his house a resort for the most abandoned characters. The night was spent in carousing, the day in hunting.

Cithæron resounded with merriment and sport. The stupid Bœotians were astonished to behold his magnificence. Finally, his capital was gone, his houses were pledged, and even the clothes upon his back were demanded by his numerous creditors. His dogs rushed forward, and howled for food. He gave them the last slice of meat, and his last loaf of bread. In those days, dogs were not valued; consequently, Actæon found himself reduced to beggary. Everybody who met him, inquired, "What is the matter?" "Alas," answered he, "I have been devoured by my dogs!" By this metaphor, he intended to denote that his property had gone to feed his hounds, and he himself was dead, as to the prospect of being a sinecure lord. The minstrels of the town, hearing the report, composed a new song, concerning Actæon, reduced to the beggarly condition of a stag, hunted by his creditors, and devoured by his own dogs. In our days, many a man who has insulted the goddess of chastity, by dissolute habits, has been changed into a figurative stag, pursued by bankruptcy, and destroyed by unbridled passion.

At the present day, when the Greeks behold an indi-

vidual benumbed in spirit, and wasted in health and property, they exclaim, "You have been devoured by your appetites and passions!" In England, every gentleman has two packs of hounds, but such a mode of estimating rank, is houndish, and often destructive to the apes of aristocracy. This misfortune of Actæon, which happened thirty-three centuries ago, may apply to the moderns.

#### THE HORSES OF DIOMED.

It is fabled that Diomed feasted his noble steeds on human flesh. This cannot happen in reality; for that animal will sooner take its quantum of grass, barley, or oats, than manifest any cannibalism. In order to understand this allegory, we must refer to the history of those times.

It was the Grecian heroic age. Every person was devoted to agriculture. The princes themselves were obliged to engage in manual labor to obtain a common maintenance. Who has not read that, formerly, the English nobles were personally engaged in husbanding their estates? The masters, like an Argus, oversaw the lowest services, and assisted in reaping the harvest. Even the royal family raked and scraped every profit which they could get from the nation. The ladies of honor were considered extravagant, if they procured luxuries of dress, like what we now see on the poorest operatives of a factory. In England's infancy, the court-attendants were cautioned not to trouble the queen on washing-days.

Such was the condition of Thrace, at the time when Diomed, prince of the tribe of the Bistones, began his career. The Thracians were a blood-thirsty race. Diomed himself was the son of Mars, a fierce monarch who was deified after death. So much was his mind bent on military show, that he neglected his household affairs for the sake of displaying his magnificence. His egotism proceeded to folly. Seeking the favor of the populace, he indulged in the luxury of taking a daily ride in a superb chariot, constructed by a Phenician carriage-maker, from Tyre. At first, he had but one horse, with which he wakened the dust upon the highway. Next he conceived the expediency of employing two stately steeds to waft him over the country, in presence of his admiring friends. Some of his subjects, provided with horses, were forced to leave their agricultural pursuits, and attend him as a body-guard. Beloved as he was by his people, they were dissatisfied with his extravagance, and complained of taxes and imposts to support a royal livery, and a company of

cavalry, occupied with nothing but amusement. They felt that they could not afford to pay for such an expensive king. His passion rendered him deaf to the cries of the oppressed; he pursued his gilded career, and obtained a large supply of Tyrian chariots to accomodate foreign vistor to his court; and hoped to speculate on the affair. He sent ministers plenipotentiary to various governments, particularly to Mycenæ, where King Eurystheus ruled supreme. The Argive Monarch being delighted to greet a Thracian Ambassador at his palace, returned the favor and sent a charge d'affairs to Thrace.

A large number of foreign legates and attaches of ambassadorial dignity, were congregated at the capital of the Bistones. They saw Diomed's wonderful livery and were astonished that an obscure Prince, of a Thracian tribe, could indulge in such extravagance. Every morning a splendid procession was formed, and all the royal attendants ranged through the public thoroughfare. The Charioteers cracked their whips, the Knights propelled their spurs; and the Thracian coursers rebounded to the country. The shores of Lake Bistonis were enlivened by the brilliant cortege. The sand flew in all directions; the chargers often dashed into the water, and bathed their perspiring limbs: and everything bespoke the height of delight and recklessness. Finally, Diomed began to reel under the weight of responsibility. His industrious and active subjects were devoted to the scourge of the most cruel tyranny. Some of the richest individuals were put to death, under pretext of treason, that he might seize their money and their estates. His horses devoured all the fodder in the kingdom; he continued his unjust exactions, and, for the sake of his livery, sacrificed hundreds of innocent men, whose property he confiscated for the purpose of paying the grooms and other attendants of his horses, the charioteers, the cavalry, the ambassadors abroad, and every other object for which he had run in debt to foreigners. His obligations to the Tyrian chariot-makers, he hoped to avoid by declaring war; but then he had purchased a great quantity of luxuries from Argolis, splendid sets of Greek uniforms and arms. Wishing to civilize the Bistones, he had obtained a heavy loan from the monarch of Mycenæ, in order to purchase the means of Hellenising the barbarous natives of his domains. The term of the payment of the loan, expired, and the money was not restored to Eurystheus. A herald, was immediately sent to make demands. Diomed used every effort to wring the



amount from his subjects, but in vain. Many lives were sacrificed. The country was full of orphans and widows, who exclaimed, "The horses of Diomed feed on human flesh!" By this metaphor, they meant, that the blood of the Bistones was shed to pay for the horses.

Hercules was ordered, by Eurystheus, to go and seize the steeds of Diomed, and lead them to Mycenæ. This was the hero's eighth labor; he sailed to Thrace, landed, conquered the Bistones, overthrew Diomed, and built the city of Abdera, on the same spot. The royal steeds were sent to Mycenæ, while Diomed, flying to the mountains, endeavored to rally his subjects. In vain were his entreaties. They sneered at their king, and drove him from their sight, reproaching him for having fed his horses with the flesh and blood of innocent men. Surrounding nations caught the story, and spread the report to the farthest bounds of civilization. Sensible people cautioned their sons to be economical, and avoid a similar fate. At the present day, many a splendid team ruins its possessor. The love of military show, is destructive to national wealth. The pride of the Turks, in their cavalry, in former times, drove them to excessive expenditure. The lives of their subjects were sacrificed to support equine magnificence. The Pasha's banners were attended with horse-tails, from one to two. Any person who loves animals, better than man, must expect to suffer. The Pegassus of sensible reason and reflection, is the only steed, which should be mounted for pleasure. If the passions, are not well bridled, they will be broken by misfortune, and whipped up to suffering by the revenge of enemies.

#### BEAUTY OF THE ORIENTAL AND AMERICAN LADIES—THE AMAZONS—NIOBE, &c, &c.

On the beauty of the Oriental Ladies, many authors have written. Some are partial to the

Daughters of the Virgin soil,  
The Free-born Yankee girl!

Others prefer the Creole Brunette; others the buxom-lass of the West; others again, court the Grecian descendents of Venus; others, lastly, regarded the Circassians, as the fairest of the fair.

Since the golden apple, has already been adjudged to the offspring of the Isles of Greece, we shall not endeavor to excite any jealousy, founded on the transient flush of

Beauty's cheek, and those charming ringlets, which wave not quite as graceful, in the blast of an American Northerner, as in the gentle Oriental Zephyr. In our days, the general appearance of womankind is peaceful and serene. Woman, everywhere, is the same lovely object, unaltered and unwarlike. Not so with man; he is as multiform and various as the climates and countries which he inhabits. A man may be, a bloody Turk, a free Greek, a feeble Chinese, a hospitable American, or a witty Italian. But woman is woman over the whole globe, forever the same unique, indivisible community, of mild and winning smile, of bland and cheering tone, and of peaceful and benevolent action. Climate has no effect to deteriorate her persevering gentleness. Such the fair sex appears in modern times; but in ancient times, we find that the Ladies, calling themselves Amazons; pursued, as history asserts, ambitious plans of conquest to establish Empires of their own. They ravaged Europe, Asia, and Africa, challenging the bravest Generals and Admirals of the Heroic Ages. Theseus, the Deliverer of Athens, and Alexander the Great, prided themselves on having conquered them. Finally, the sanguinary, world-subduing Romans so completely overthrew them, that they never again exhibited their prowess on the battlefield. Rome therefore, subdued so thoroughly, one half of our race, namely, the ladies, that they have become emblems and images of the sweetest obedience; consequently, in our days, it is customary to call woman the better half of humanity!

I need not mention, that those warlike Amazons are even now, a watchword among Ladies. A maiden, who can manage a steed and hunt the deer, and also some who gird themselves to real war and use the sword and rifle, are denominated Amazons. Notwithstanding this general use of the word, considerable speculation has been made by writers upon their true nature. Fable supposes them only women; but Mythology, as we all know, takes many liberties from fiction to adorn the poet's imaginings. The best authority makes them of both sexes, and includes the men in the title of women, to denote their effeminate dress and demeanor. The word itself, meaning without breasts, may apply to a man. The explanation of the Mythological import of the Amazons is not a solitary use of this mode of interpretation; because every fable of the early Greeks may be reduced to similar authenticity. To confirm this fact, we quote the fiction concerning Niobe, and also display thereby the true character of this ancient Lady, whose

affection for her children, breathes its pure example from the abyss of time, and give us a more gentle notion of ancient woman, than could be attributed to her cotemporaries, the Amazons.

It is related, that while Niobe was alive, she was petrified, and stationed, as a statue, above the graves of her children.

Whoever believes, that mere grief can turn the soft nature of woman to cold marble, with a stony heart and a tongue of motionless rock, must be extremely credulous and simple. The poet may say so, to beautify diction, but the true explanation is, the following.

On the death of her beloved children, the tender Niobe ordered the statue of a weeping woman to be placed above their tomb.

Fable tells, that Apollo destroyed her children. But Apollo is the god of pestilence, as we have remarked, as well as of art. Therefore, it is probable, that an epidemic swept away the pride of Niobe, her offspring. As she was a princess of Lydia, it is presumable that she could easily command the erection of a suitable monument to her lamented sons and daughters. Doubtless, her father, king Tantalus, assisted her in performing this pious action.

When the artist received his directions, what more appropriate and dignified scene, and more significant emblem could have been selected, than the statue of the noble matron herself, weeping over the spot, where the beauty and pride of her family and her own hopes, were buried? The statue was so true to the original, that the travellers and visitors at the place of burial, exclaimed, "It is Niobe herself, turned to stone!" The bards, in their songs, echoed the beautiful conception, and Mythology received fresh lustre from the addition of the fable.\*

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\* The ancient Greeks showed to the fair sex, more reverence than is generally acknowledged by critics. The title of *Potnia*, applied to ladies, means respected or reverend, and was used as we employ Madam or Miss. The philosophers were champions, who advocated, by argument, the rights of woman.

An ugly, unprincipled fop, from Scio, was visiting at Athens, and attending the discourses of the philosopher, Arcesilaus. Not enduring his eulogiums, on the capacity of females, this dandy, glittering in golden array, interrupted the man, and inquired, "Madam, can I ask or keep silence?" He thought he had spoken a fine joke; but the

The partiality of the Turks for the Circassian maidens, is remarkable. The reason is obvious; the Georgian beauties are selected, as the handsomest jewels of their home, by their unfeeling sires. They are cheap, always in the market, and ready for speculation. What a heartless custom of reducing every tender and gentle emotion, to a commercial bargain! How disgusting to the true devotees of Cupid and Hymen, to hear of a lot of Circassian charmers just imported and for sale—or of a large cargo remaining on hand. The subject of such brutal exchange must excite the sympathy of every true hearted Christian. The light complexion, slender waist, and brownish hair, and sometimes, dark eyes of the Georgian maidens, are commended and trumpeted abroad by the avaricious Turkish speculator, who finds his interest in extolling them; such

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hero of reason retorted: "Woman, why do you talk roughly, and not in your usual way?" By this answer, he alluded to his affected and effeminate speech and tone, his purple garments and golden fringe, by which, although naturally deformed, he set himself up as the most beautiful visitor, at the capitol.

On another occasion, the same foppish youth, being asked what countryman he was, answered, "I am rich." In our day, a similar fop might exclaim, "I belong to the land of nabobs." The poet Alexis, gave him a sarcastic thrust, in the following lines:

"What race is this man of? He's rich by birth.  
'Tis said that such are nobles on the earth,  
And well; they are aristocrats alone,  
For all good patriots are to them unknown."

Even in our age, such characters are not wanting. But the dandies now, have generally empty pockets.

Another title, given by the ancients to woman, was *Despoina*, which signifies the same with the Latin *domina*, or governess, in the commanding sense. Woman's authority was much regarded among the Spartans.

When the Lacedemonians subjected, in the fourth century, before Christ, the other Greeks, to the oligarchy of the Four Hundred, Scio was governed, a short time, by the Spartan, Harmostes, or Protector, Pedaretus, who was a murderous tyrant, against the Democrats of that island. Some Chians fled to Sparta for redress, when, Pedaretus' mother, hearing of her son's injustice, wrote to him the following indignant epistle, in the native laconic style: "The mother to Pedaretus. Do better, or forfeit thy safe return to Sparta."

are the tricks of the trade. If they did not praise their merchandise, they could not obtain purchasers. I do not mean to abstract any polish from their ringlets, nor a blush from their cheeks, but I must caution the men against all the fascinating reports, which the sordid traders, in female slaves, disseminate, in order to sell off their lot and pocket the profits of this inhuman traffick.

It is an encouraging fact, to the lovers of female liberty, to announce that the Russians have at last conquered Circassia, the country of the Golden Fleece, and have put a stop to the commerce, in the Georgian daughters.\*

In regard to the form of Greek beauty, the old Greek characteristics are preserved, chiefly, among the islanders and mountaineers. Some persons, erroneously suppose, that every Greek has a straight nose. The ancient Sculptors encourage this idea from the remains of art, which we behold; but it is probable that they selected, in their statues, the strait nose, more for the sake of symmetry, than as a general feature of the nation. One can find in America, among the fair sex, many a Grecian face.

The murderous, whalebone, used by the females of other countries, is unknown in most parts of Greece; but we are pained, in relating that the city of Minerva, the capital of Greece, is invaded by the artificial graces of Paris, the spring of Fashion.

Music, which was neglected before the Revolution, is now patronized with enthusiasm, so that Athens, which about ten years ago, was mute to the echo of musical instruments, is now tuneful with the best professors, from Europe, sufficient to make old primeval Orpheus blush. It is wholly superfluous to speak of the voice of the Grecian songstress, knowing the pure balmy air of the climate.

The industry of the peasant girls is remarkable: and is exhibited even while they are entering the city, carrying their baskets of fruit to market.

As they walk along pensively or smilingly, they are seen with a quiver full of wool, back of the left shoulder, from which they draw the wool with the right hand, and twirl with the left, the spindle, with such dexterity as to rival Minerva.

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\* We hope these remarks, though somewhat deviating, will be of some interest, especially to the ladies.

THE DRAGON'S TEETH, OF CADMUS, AND THE SOWN GIANTS.

According to the allegory, Cadmus slew the Dragon in Lerna, gathered its teeth, sowed them upon the ground, and armed men, called the Sown Giants, sprung from them.

Philosophers remarked, that if this was true, Dragon's teeth would be in great demand; monarchs would use every effort to procure them. The common superstition was dissipated by the following explanation.

Cadmus came to Thebes, in Bœotia, and endeavored, by the influence of his wealth and learning, to obtain the kingdom. Among the various articles of wealth, which he introduced from Asia and Africa, was a large quantity—probably several cargoes—of elephants' tusks and teeth. In those days, gold and silver were less used than in modern times. Exchange, or barter, was the grand circulation system. The scarcity of ivory in Greece, encouraged him to speculate in that article. His arrival in the misty land of Bœotia, created favorable sensations. The Grecian tribes were hospitable. Strangers have often improved their kind reception for a private end. Cecrops had, fifty years previous, gained the sovereignty of Attica. Inachus, three centuries earlier, had ruled Argos. It was reserved to Cadmus to succeed by intrigues and other methods, to break up the patriarchal system of petty independencies, and introduce a general sway, centering in Thebes, the Capital. He brought an improved theory of the alphabetical characters, perhaps more convenient than the old Pelasgic letters. His Phœnician and Egyptian fables of the gods, were received as wonderful revelations of the Immortals. His influence was so powerful, that many foreign deities were adopted on his recommendation. The epoch was about the year 1491, before the Christian era. The prosperity and glory of Egypt and Phœnicia, were progressing with rapid strides. In the opening civilization of Bœotia, travellers from those lands, were welcomed by the news-seeking, inquisitive and curious Greeks, with great attention and favor.

In modern times, we observe a pallel in the Greek state, governed by a King, who is a native German, but boasts to be of Greek descent. The city of Athens looks to Otho, not for the letters of Cadmus, but for the Literature, which Greece gave to the West. She expects from him what she has lost by the horrors of war. Let him boast of no greater honor than that of using his adventitious authority to advance the cause of improvement.

Cadmus was induced by visions of ambition, drawn from the kind reception, which he met, to aim at political sway. He was a Phœnician Prince, and although the Aristocratic notions of those days were feeble; his regal title was not stripped of all potency. Foreigners, travelling through a country, often seek to gain some private end, and profess a design quite different from the real one. Cadmus was not wanting in pretexts. His letters and mythology were exhibited as ostensible objects of his tour. Another intention was that of recovering his long lost sister Europa. He asserted that his Father, King Agenor, had ordered him and his two brothers, Phœnix and Cilix, to go in quest of her, and never return without bringing the princess home. Now this is improbable, for Phœnix went back, while Cilix became King of Cilicia. This indicates that Cadmus was advised by his parents to seek his fortune. As for Europa, she had eloped with a seductive Greek, named Jupiter, who transported her to his native resort, on Olympus, where the Grecian heroes, or rebels, congregated.

Cadmus took up his residence in Bœotia, and commenced a series of intrigues to obtain the sovereignty. The king of Thebes, was Draco, son of Mars. A conspiracy was formed, aided by Phœnician wealth. Cadmus obtained the co-operation of a band of desperadoes, slew Draco, and usurped his throne. The regicides kept the stupid Bœotians in awe, and soon reduced most of their tribes to obedience. Some persons think that the Phœnician colonies conquered Greece, but history makes no assertion of this kind. Cadmus was alone in his projects, or attended only by Greeks, whom he hired to forward his purpose.

In procuring these mercenaries, he made use of the proceeds arising from the ivory. The elephants' tusks and teeth were regarded by the vanquished Bœotians, as the source of their misfortune. Having never seen an elephant, they called his tusks dragons' teeth. This name also signified the teeth of Draco, since Draco means dragon. The king had been bitten by their influence, and destroyed. His subjects, being forced to yield to the usurper by the same influence, asserted, that the dragon's teeth had been sown over the country, and Sown Giants had sprung therefrom. These giants were only soldiers, in the service of the Phœnicians. They became discordant, and fought among themselves, until Cadmus called for foreign aid. By means of his diplomatic influence, as a Phœnician prince, and through his riches, he succeeded in enlisting Olympus and Attica, in his favor, to restore peace in his kingdom.

In those days, monarchs clubbed together, as they do in modern times, and devised means to preserve their thrones by inter-national treaty, for the balance of power. We know not, if a Holy Alliance, was formed, but assuredly, we know that Jupiter, the monarch of Olympus, interfered in his behalf, and gave him his daughter, Harmonia, in marriage. The Athenians assisted him to build a palace, giving him the materials, under the title of "Minerva's Contribution."

The Thebans, who had opposed Cadmus, were banished by his legions, and scattered throughout Phocis, Locris, Attica and Peloponnesus. In their exile, they never forgot the Dragon's teeth. The cunning of the usurper, and the stupidity of the Bœotians, were a matter of amusement to the other Grecian states. The bold fancy of the Grecian Minstrel sang that Cadmus had sown his Dragon's teeth and reaped a harvest of armed giants. This displays the dangers of the "*intriguing demagogues*."

ORPHEUS.

Orpheus, with his lute, made trees,  
And the mountain-tops that freeze,  
Bow themselves, when he did sing.  
To his music, plants and flowers  
Ever sprang ; as sun and showers  
There had been a lasting spring.

Everything that heard him play,  
Even the billows of the sea,  
Hung their heads, and then lay by.  
In sweet music is such art ;  
Killing care and grief of heart  
Fall asleep, or hearing, die.

[Shakspear, Henry VIII., Act III.]

Allegorically, Orpheus, by his music, set in motion, or drew after him, beasts, birds, and trees. This fable may be thus explained.

A company of Bacchantes, or female devotees of the Wine-god, ascended a mountain in Pieria, for the purpose of celebrating the festivals of this deity. They passed the time in carousing and dancing. Indulging freely in their potations, and imbibing a drop too much, they forgot the laws of propriety, invaded the flocks, and herds of the peasants, and perpetrated mischiefs of various kinds. In



their partial aberration of mind, they forgot to return home after the festival. According to custom, they were clad in goat skins, and hides of the wild beasts, worn for the occasion. In modern times, during the Grecian Carnival, or *Apocreæ*, similar practices occur. In the days of Orpheus, the enthusiasm of such anniversaries, was more lively and fantastic. The Greeks had not attended much to commerce. The Argonautic expedition was a subsequent affair. Pieria, especially, was a pastoral country, where the Muses took their origin. The aforesaid Bacchantes delayed several days longer than the term specified. Meanwhile, their friends and relatives were anxious to know what had become of them. They feared lest the violent freaks, and the excess of the revellers, had proved the death of some. All Pieria was alarmed. Parties were formed to go in quest of the fugitives. A few persons ventured to proceed to their retreat, and order them to return, but in vain. The crazy Bacchantes attacked them and drove them off. It now became a public affair, and a serious question to rescue their intoxicated daughters from their wild career. In all points, that concerned the affections of kindred, the advice and aid of the minstrel was asked. Orpheus came forward and promised to restore the absentees to their parents. They begged him with tears in their eyes, to induce their beloved daughters to leave the mountain and come to the city. Agreeably to their wishes, Orpheus took his tuneful lyre and went alone, to the grove, where the Bacchantes were assembled. Knowing human nature, he politely invited the ladies to form a procession and march back to their homes. They stopped their mad freaks, and looked amazed. Their appearance was grotesque; some were arrayed in bear-skins, others in lions' hides; and all of them were clad in such unusual disguises, that no human feature could be recognized. While they were gazing in suspense at the minstrel, he touched his lyre, and gave them the tune called the "Bacchanalian Quick Step!" The effect was instantaneous. They cut down branches from the trees as insignia, and marched, keeping time with the Bacchanalian quick step. The birds themselves hovered over the green boughs of the waving multitude, and listened to the national air. On reaching the chief city of Pieria, the Bacchanalian band halted! The anxiously expecting parents rushed forward, and embraced their truant daughters. The scene excited both delight and amazement. The grateful citizens welcomed Orpheus, thanking him for his kindness, and making acknowledge-

ments to his talent, the poets' hobby. The appearance of the Bacchantes in the form of various animals, and bearing seemingly, a forest, made an indelible impression upon the beholders. The passing travellers noted the circumstance in their deltor, or memorandum, and the whole world learned the story of Orpheus, whose music could move, not man alone, but animals and trees. This illustrates the effect of music, in soothing the mind and softening the manners and habits of a rude nation.

#### THE SPHINX.

The Sphinx is a kind of watchword in philosophy ; but contains more poetry than we generally suppose. Its original pronunciation was Phix. It was a symbol of wisdom, or a mere sign to denote high attainments, and was engraved upon the skull of the statue of Minerva. Sometimes the Sphinx was represented, holding a book entitled, "the Iliad." Sophocles calls her, the "canine Rhapsodist." "*Rhapsodos kyon.*" A similar Hebrew word, *phikeha*, means *wise*. The Turks call the science of law, Phix. The explanation of the Egyptian Spnix or Phix, is unknown; but the Theban one may be illustrated in the following manner.

Cadmus married an Amazon, bearing the name of Sphink. Having obtained the sovereignty of Thebes, at a subsequent epoch, he attracted the attention of neighboring princes. Among the kings, that were friendly to his sway, was Jupiter the monarch of the country around Olympus. This powerful ally offered him his daughter Harmonia, in wedlock. Cadmus accepted the match and espoused the fair Olympian. Jupiter, himself, and all the powerful Chieftains of the mountains, came down to celebrate the nuptials. Banquets were prepared in the palace, called Cadmea, where the heroes of the age caroused. Sphinx, or rather Phix, as the Bœotians called her, was highly irritated to see a rival take her place, in the heart of Cadmus. She displayed all her talent in preventing the union. Being possessed of more wisdom than beauty, she composed excellent odes of a satirical character, against Harmonia. Carrying her learned insolence beyond the bounds of decency, she termed the Olympian charmer, a daughter of a barbarian and stripped of all taste. Harmonia was vexed, but dared not attack a stout, muscular Amazon, like Phix. She made complaint to her father and her intended lover. Phix was called upon to answer for herself. She made no

reply, except by seizing her lyre and singing the most masterly improvisations, but in a voice excited, and so loud, that the auditors compared her to a female hound, and styled her the *canine rhapsodist*, on account of her natural ugliness and lawless impetuosity. Phix was ordered to be quiet. She could endure tyranny no longer. She cut her husband's acquaintance, brandished her Amazonian sabre and defied any champion to meet her in single combat. Cadmus found himself in a *bad fix*; he endeavored to smooth the matter over, but without success. She raved most furiously against the Cadmian family, and the Olympian bride. Her dogged pertinacity, and her swarthy complexion, hindered the whole effect of her wit and judgment. She was considered a jade, with the head and bosom of a hussy, the body of a dog, and the paws of a lion.

Stealing a large quantity of money, and a swift dog, that belonged to Cadmus, she left the palace and fled to Mt. Sphingion. Cherishing eternal hatred against the royal family, she turned robber, and induced many of the oppressed people to join her side, and wage war against every representation of Phenician or Egyptian Aristocracy. She was so expert in ambush, that she entrapped all the forces that were sent against her. The Thebans were puzzled to know how to overcome the rebel. Whenever, any person asked if the Sphinx could be conquered, they answered, "That is problematic!" Foreigners, who visited Bœotia, laughed at Cadmus for suffering so much opposition from his wife. What could be done? The stupid Thebans, involved in the mist of perplexity, more obscure than their own eternal fogs, pronounced the whole affair a complete enigma, that a woman should resist, with so much success, a kingdom. They began to appreciate her wit, and called her the paragon of wisdom. They sent messengers to appease her revenge, but she slew every legate from the false-hearted king. She declared that she would teach the world to value mental attainments more, than mere beauty. Some wags from abroad, said that the Sphinx had asserted that no one could overcome her, unless he could explain the enigma, "What is that animal which walks on four legs at morning, two at noon, and three at night?" The stupid Thebans could not solve it; consequently Cadmus made a proclamation to pay a high reward to any adventurer, who would bring him the head of the rebel. He was much pained at the idea of calling in foreign aid in subduing his former consort; but he could endure the ridicule of every stranger, no longer. Where-

upon Oedipus, a hero, from Corinth, who had not been stupified by the Bœotian climate, presented himself. Being famous for his coup-de-mains, and daring courage, he laid a plot against the Sphinx, killed her, and brought her head to Cadmus. The Bœotians, hearing of the affair, conceived a high notion of the character of Oedipus, and exclaimed, "He is a man!" This was the answer to the enigma. Oedipus, by his manly bravery, unravelled the puzzle, and gave to the Bœotians, a clearer and more vivid idea of man, than what they had ever before felt or practiced. The minstrels, tuning their lyres, chanted the praises of Oedipus, the monstrous cunning of the Sphinx, and the solution of her riddle, by the hero. In their melodious lays they counselled the Thebans to revere the ugly, dog-like Sphinx for her wisdom. The poets described the transcendent flush of beauty's cheek, and the ever-glowing and all-conquering charm of a well cultivated mind.

## AN ESSAY ON THE HISTORY OF MYTHOLOGY.

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### CHAPTER I.

#### ORIGIN AND PROGRESS OF MYTHOLOGY.

In primeval Greece, before Paganism, was introduced with its idols, the natives regarded the universe as God's temple, and the earth, as his altar. They personified the brook, the mountain, and every natural object. Among the present mountaineers, as we have remarked, there can be found traces of primeval notions.

When Cadmus and his followers, or successors, introduced temples and idols, these means of adoration were attended with many cunningly devised fables, comprising the description of a set of deified attributes of human passions, called Gods and Goddesses. The number of these divinities, was twelve. The Theogony was an object of blind adoration among the Egyptians, but when it reached Greece, it fell under the keen eye of reflection, and suffered

a thorough analysis. The first author who used the Theogony as mere Mythology, was Homer. This remarkable epoch ascends to the ninth century, before Christ. "The blind old man, of Scio's rocky isle," took a new view of the Pagan Deities. He considered them in the light of human passions, personified, and used them as emblems of thought and feeling. Homer cast aside all the ridiculous fables connected with Mythology, and adopted only the simple and plain character of each deified personage. He employed Mythology for the purpose of obtaining strong and attractive figures of speech, in delineating a real event, important to Greece and to civilization; an event so thrilling in outline, that the supernatural imagery seemed to belong to it. When the Trojans were punished for insulting the laws of nations, kings and the social circle, there was inspiration in the theme, sufficient to render the resources of Mythology subservient to the will of the poet, who should describe the issue of the great conflict.

To appreciate Homer's genius, we must regard him as the secret antagonist of Paganism. He refined the intellect, and awakened, by his writings, Philosophy and Sculpture. In Homer, we must look for the origin of true Mythology, stripped of Paganism, and intended simply as a means of interpreting the passions and thoughts. His genius prepared the way for Socrates' philosophy, and Phidias' chiselling.

Homer's prime object was to recall the character of those heroes who fought against Troy. He singled out a class of men, well known to his age, and perhaps to himself, if he was as early as the period of his narration.

Achilles, his principal hero, is a model not only of an artless character, but of noble thought and virtuous feeling. His contempt for luxury, his absolute abstinence from intoxication and polygamy, his pure love for Briseis, and his tears at her removal, his affection for Patroclus; in fine, his whole conduct, seems to be portrayed by the poet, in order to give an idea of what every man should be in any station.

Jove, Pallas, and the other Olympian attributes of the Deity, are brought to bear upon the cause and consequence of the acts of Achilles, who is ennobled in the reader's eye by such divine society.

If the poet says in the first line of the Iliad,

"Sing Goddess, the wrath of Achilles, Peleus' son!"

it is not likely, that any other intention will be accomplish-

ed. The wrath of this hero extends throughout the poem. When it ceases towards the haughty and arbitrary Agamemnon, it increases with more impetuosity against the slayer of his friend Patroclus.

Mythology is there employed as a means, and not as an object of metaphorical description. Homer pays no respect to Jove, but to the Deity. Jove represents the workings of sovereign power in secret. Instead of delineating the private cogitations of Agamemnon, king of men, the poet paints a scene drawn from Mythology, to maintain the continuance of action, and avoid the dry exposition of the political affairs of the Greeks and Trojans. The circumstance of Jove's retiring to Mt. Ida, for a season, adds to the dignity of the hero, who prosecutes unaltered, his designs, with or without the Pagan Deity.

Thus, Homer employs the fictions of the supernatural world, to explain human thought and feeling. By making a pedestal of deified beings, for his heroes, he exalts his species, and renders his work subservient to a moral design.

Mythology had nothing to do with his inspiration, except to accompany and protect his fancy, in its perilous flight—a flight where so many are lost. The subject is of primary importance—the ornaments of fiction are secondary. It is folly to depend upon artificial machinery to elevate the theme. Homer's genius was assisted by the nature of the events described. Civilization, refinement, and the causes of every great, generous and kind attribute, conspired with him.

## CHAPTER II.

### THE MYTHOLOGICAL IDEA OF THE DIVINITY.

Nature teaches the existence of a Supreme Being, but only as through a glass darkly. Mythology is nothing but a transcript of human nature, expressed in words. The passions, which it delineates, are called Gods by the Pagans, and worshipped as beings ruling the events of the world, and the actions of man. Philosophers and Christians pay no homage to a heathen Pantheon, but speak of it merely as a tissue of ingenious fictions. Probably, Homer did not believe that the Jove whom he described, was

the sovereign, eternal God, for he assigns a place of birth to him. Every scholar knows that Socrates, Plato, Xenocrates, and many others, born among Pagans, were opposed to idolatry. One can safely assert, that Homer and his followers were Deists in principle, acknowledging one God alone. Otherwise, how could they dare allow mortals to defeat Mars in battle, or Jove in counsel? Yet this frequently occurs; but the common people, in their ignorance, could not pierce the mist of metaphor, and learn the truth that was glittering beyond. It was reserved for Christianity to reveal the unity of the Godhead to the world, without distinction of talent or knowledge. Christ has chosen the ignorant as heirs of divine wisdom.

The real Mythological notion of Deity, is only an assemblage of various characters. The classic Theogony, was moulded entirely by the poets. We must not expect to look for Theology in a heathen Pantheon, but simply the embodiment of human passions. Each Deity, in Mythology, has generally one or two prevailing attributes. Jove is the attribute of sovereign dignity and power; Minerva denotes Wisdom and Industry; Appollo is Refinement; and Mercury is a watchword of Reason and Enterprize. Venus is the Goddess of Beauty, queen of Smiles, mother of Love, and mistress of the Graces and Pleasures. Juno is the ideal image of conjugal solicitude, often called Jealousy, but her jealousy is founded on reason; and she displays her influence in endeavoring to remove from her family every intruder whose designs are not virtuous. Neptune, the God of the Sea, is emblematic of eternity, and the other sublime thoughts connected with the troubled or calm deep. Ceres, the Goddess of Agriculture, is typical of vegetable nature, whose laws afford instruction from the loftiest cedar down to the lily, which, without labor or toil, shines more brightly than the most glorious monarch. Diana, the chaste Goddess, is an emblem of female spirituality. Mars is the God of battle, and the great arbiter of international law, and avenger of broken treaties, and violated frontiers. Vulcan is the God of fire, the emblem of honest labor and art, the friend of the mechanic and smith, and the patron of the elementary genius of society. Vesta is the Goddess of the welcome fireside or hearth; she is emblematic of household purity and domestic love. Among the Greeks, her priestesses were widows.

The already mentioned twelve Gods and Goddesses, form the Pantheon of the Greeks. These twelve were indebted for their origin to Saturn and Rhea, who were

sovereigns of the Golden Age. Saturn or Cronos, properly means Time, while Rhea means flow or motion. These two personages were also derived from Uranus and Titæa, the earliest of all deified attributes. These two names, meaning heaven and earth, indicate the highest order of existence, for which, titles were assigned. Beyond Uranus and Titæa, the Philosophers placed an unknown God, to which an altar was erected at Athens. The first Gods were not worshipped so much as the latter. Poetry seemed to have chiefly adopted the twelve Gods of the reign of Jupiter.

The unknown God, was confined, almost wholly, to the Philosophers. The common people, on erecting the altar to the same, did not relinquish their secondary idols. Notwithstanding the teachings of Socrates, the populace adhered to the worship of the Pagan Pantheon. It was reserved for the Jews—that degraded and stiff-necked people, the jest and mark of the scorn of nations—to introduce the unknown God to the knowledge of the ignorant classes.

When St. Paul, the great Apostle of the Gentles, visited Athens, he proceeded to the Pnyx, and casting his eyes upon the Acropolis, that mountain of temples and statues, and on the city, the field of shrines, to the Olympian Gods, he turned to his audience, and exclaimed, "Ye men of Athens, I perceive that in all things ye are too superstitious!" Such a statement, as this, thunderstruck the proud Greeks. The Missionary of the cross condemned the use of buildings and images to the Lord of Heaven and earth. He said, that he could even declare to them, the unknown God, whom they ignorantly worshipped. This announcement was doubly astounding to the multitude.

St. Paul addressed his preaching, chiefly, to the ignorant, and such as were most oppressed by the expense and trouble of heathenish worship and sacrifices. He consoled them, with the idea of a Deity, who required only the consecration of the heart. From that moment, the unfortunate slaves of Polytheism, were liberated from their bonds. Instead of giving their earnings and the tribute of their labor to a set of idle priests, and Pythonesses, they preserved them for their family.

St. Paul, who was well skilled in all the learning of the Greeks, did not scruple to quote authors of a mythological nature. In speaking of the Cretans, in the twelfth verse of the first chapter of the Epistle to Titus, he cites a line from Epimenides.

The Cretans are always liars, evil beasts, slow-bellies.



He calls Epimenides a Cretan prophet, but this word here, signifies poet. It is evident, that the object of the Apostle was, to confine the adoration of the world to one God, without sacrifices or any other inventions of priestcraft. Here we have a fine contrast of the Mythological and Christian idea of the Divinity. The former is fictitious, the latter, real; the one reveals mere human passion; the other declares the unknown God. Mythology, as a text-book of metaphors, and figures of speech, is very useful. In literature and art, mythology, at the present day, confers attractions to the page of the poet, and the chisellings of the sculptor.

### CHAPTER III.

#### MYTHOLOGY AS AN ASSISTANT TO REFINEMENT.

Mythology in the hands of Homer, was forced to contribute for the advancement of civilization. The ignorance and superstition, caused by Paganism, was unable to check the progress of the mighty analysis to which its Theosophy was subjected. The multitude made sacrifices to refinement, almost without knowing it. Homer's poems became objects of adoration, better guarded than many of the statues of the Gods. His genius may be considered, as the mainspring of Grecian talent. Alexander the Great, carried the Iliad through all his campaigns, and preserved it in a golden box.

Wherever that conquerer proceeded, the nations were obliged to become civilized, or to pay a tribute. It is ludicrous to see the difference between the conquests of Alexander and those of Mahomet. The former spread civilization, by the sword; the latter diffused fanaticism and barbarism, by the scimeter.

Let us cast a glance, at the third century before the Christian era, and watch the progress of the refinement propagated by the hero of Macedon. All nations that professed a love of learning and art, were allowed to retain the privileges of Greek citizenship. Among the nations that were desirous of adopting civilization, we find the Jews. Under the Syro-Macedonian Empire, the Israelites erected colleges in Palestine, and pursued the study of the classics. Many Greek cities were built in Syria, until the

Hellenic language became so common, that the Jews themselves adopted it, in their writings. The influence of these myriads of native Greeks, in the Holy Land, must not be overlooked. Many philosophers from Greece, came and resided around Mt. Zion. Under their influence, the investigation of the records of antiquity was renewed. Public debates were allowed ; the temple itself became a place of dispute. Antioch, a Greek city, the capital of Syria, and the third city in the world, was the principal asylum and resort of the followers of Christ, and here they were first named Christians. St. Luke, and St. Chrysostom were natives of Antioch.

The advent of Christ, not only satisfied the expectations of the Jews, but crowned the longings of the heathen. Sages, kings, and prophets, as the Bible asserts, had been anxiously awaiting the birth of our Savior. When the star of Bethlehem arose, wise men came from the East to Jerusalem, and visited the incarnation of God, the infant Redeemer, lying in a manger.

## CHAPTER IV.

### RESOURCES OF POETRY, IN MYTHOLOGY.

Homer's works, are the earliest example of the adaptation of mythology to poetry, in a literary sense. Before his time, were hymns to the gods, but these were mere Pagan compositions, exciting no emotion, but that of idolatry.

He used machinery, as an assistant to art, in revealing the springs of human character and action. Though the interference of the gods, is discribed as being open, still the cause appears to the reader none the less secret and invisible. In the first book, Apollo, descends to accomplish the prayer of a priest.

Thus Chryses prayed ; the favoring power attends,  
And from Olympus' lofty top descends.  
Bent was his bow, the Grecian hearts to wound ;  
Fierce as he moved, his silver shafts resound.  
Breathing revenge, a sudden night he spread,  
And gloomy darkness rolled around his head.  
The fleet in view, he twanged his deadly bow,  
And hissing, fly the feathered fates below.

In this description, Apollo is introduced in glowing colors, before the mind of the reader, but at the same time, the Greeks, who are the objects of Apollo's revenge, appear equally unconscious and unaware of the vision. Homer gives the death-blow to the divinity of the Pagan Deities, by rendering them the mere emblems of human passion, or natural action, opposed and often defeated by mortals. Venus the goddess of invincible charms, was wounded by Diomed, who was assisted by Minerva. Listen to her complaint. [Iliad V. 465.]

Then she ; "This insult from no god I found;  
An impious mortal gave the daring wound !  
Behold the deed of haughty Diomed !  
'Twas in the son's defence the mother bled.  
The war with Troy no more the Grecians rage,  
But with the Gods, th' immortal Gods engage.

The opposition of Diomed to Venus, typifies his chaste inspiration of patriotism, to avenge the insulted bed of Menelaus. Next, a couple of monsters, named Otus and Ephialtes, confine Mars the God of battles. [Iliad V. 475.]

The mighty Mars in mortal fetters bound  
And lodged in brazen dungeons under ground  
Full thirteen moons, imprisoned, roared in vain ;  
Otus and Ephialtes held the chain ;  
Perhaps had perished, had not Hermes' care  
Restored the groaning God to upper air.

The scene in which, assisted by Pallas, Diomed gave a severe wound to Mars, is a remarkable instance of the sufferings inflicted by mortals upon the Pagan Deities. [Iliad V. 105.]

Now rushing fierce in equal arms appear  
The daring Greek ; the dreadful God of war !  
Full at the chief, above his coursers head,  
From Mars' arm, th' enormous weapon fled ;  
Pallás opposed her hand, and caused to glance  
Far from the car, the strong immortal lance.  
Then threw the force of Tydeus' warlike son ;  
The javelin hissed ; the Goddess urged it on ;  
Where the broad cincture girt his armor round,  
It pierced the god : his groin received the wound.  
From the rent skin the warrior tugs again

The smoking steel. Mars bellows with the pain ;  
 Loud as the roar encountering armies yield,  
 When shouting millions shake the thundering field.

The assistance of Minerva apologises for the suffering defeat of Mars, but these two divinities are mere passions deified. Mars, the god of battles, is naturally opposed to Minerva, the Goddess of wisdom. These two passions are conflicting, as we observe in all history. The wisdom-seeking Greeks were a constant mark of insult to the martial Romans, when their country was rendered a Roman province, and subjected to the vengeance of the god of battles. Such is the resource of poetry, in mythology, that the greatest national events may be clothed in imagery and afford both instruction and delight. Rome herself, might be called Bellona, and personified in historical poetry, under that title. But she was destined to be overcome by the arts of Apollo. She fell beneath those nations that had imbibed the principles of Grecian refinement. If Rome conquered Apollo, she was, in turn, vanquished, just as Niobe's children were slain by the same deity. How beautifully Byron personifies Rome :

'The Niobe of nations! there she stands,  
 Childless and crownless, in her voiceless woe.  
 An empty urn within her withered hands,  
 Whose holy dust was scattered long ago!

Such was the charming resource which Byron's muse found in Mythology. Some of the most beautiful and sublime passages of the Christian poets of modern times, depend for their attraction, upon a Mythological attribute.

Milton makes constant references to Mythology. For example, speaking of Satan, he says: [Par. Lost I., 192.]

Thus Satan, talking to his nearest mate,  
 With head up-lift above the wave, and eyes  
 That sparkling blazed, his other parts besides  
 Prone on the flood, extended long and large  
 Lay floating many a rood, in bulk as huge  
 As whom the fables name of monstrous size.  
*Titanian* or earth-born, that warr'd on *Jove*,  
*Briareos* or *Typhon*, whom the den  
 By ancient Tarsus held, or that sea-beast—  
*Leviathan*, which God of all his works  
 Created hugest, that swim the ocean stream.

To understand these allusions, it is necessary to study

the Greek Mythology. The utility of such a course, is evident from the celebrity of Milton's writings. Another passage describes the smile bestowed by Adam upon Eve:

—————"he in delight  
Both of her beauty and submissive charms,  
Smiled with superior love, as Jupiter  
On Juno smiles, when he impregns the clouds  
That shed May-flowers."

In this beautiful quotation from fiction, the reader recognizes a Mythological ornament. We quote a few lines, describing the appearance of the Cherubim.

————the Angelic power prepared  
For swift descent, with him the cohort bright  
Of watchful Cherubim; four faces each  
Had, like a double Janus, all their shape  
Spangled with eyes, more numerous than those  
Of Argus, and more wakeful than to drowse,  
Charmed with Arcadian pipe, the past'ral reed  
Of Hermes or his opiate rod.

Many of the Mythological Deities have become so incorporated into speech, that they seem to belong to the idea. In naming the moon, Burns begins one of his lays, thus:

Now Phœbe, in her midnight reign,  
Dark muffled, viewed the dreary plain.

Pope, the translator of the Iliad, dwells in his own composition with happy effect, upon Mythological emblems.

But most by numbers judge a poet's song;  
And smooth or rough, with them is right or wrong.  
In the bright Muse, though thousand charms conspire,  
Her voice is all these tuneful fools admire,  
Who haunt Parnassus, but to please their ear.

So Collins, in his ode to the Passions, does not neglect the Grecian Allegorical beings.

But Oh! how altered was its sprightlier tone,  
When cheerfulness—a *nymph* of healthiest hue,  
Her bow across her shoulder flung,  
Her buskins gemmed with morning-dew,  
Blew an inspiring air, that dale and thicket rung!  
The hunter's call to *Faun* and *Dryad* known.  
The oak-crowned sisters, and their chaste-eyed queen,  
Satyrs and Sylvan boys were seen.

Thompson, describing the inhabitants of the castle of indolence, borrows from the beautiful Pagan imagery, several ornaments.

And hither *Morpheus* sent his kindest dreams,  
Raising a world of gayer tinct and grace,  
O'r which were shadow cast, *Elysian* gleams.

The immortal Shakspear, the boast of England, borrows many an emblem from Grecian allegory. For example: [Soliloquy of Macbeth.]

—————Now o'er the one-half world,  
Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse  
The curtained sleep; now witchcraft celebrates  
Pale *Hecate's* offerings.

Without a knowledge of Mythology, we could not understand the allusion to Hecate's offerings, in this place. Her offerings were young dogs, known by the name of the "Supper of Hecate." She was regarded as Goddess of the night; her character was by some, represented to be sinister and unpropitious.

It is useless to cite any further instances. Every scholar is aware of the intimate connection between the Greek and European classics. There are many allegories of Grecian fable, not found in the usual train of such figures. For example, the personification of the soul, in Psyche, a maiden of incomparable beauty, supported by wings of the butterfly. This being undergoes all the vicissitudes of pure and persevering love, upon earth; but the sovereign arbiter of heaven, places her beyond the control of her enemies.

No author can rightly use classic allegory, without noticing the system upon which it is built. In Homer, we find a fine classification of the Gods, in their interference during the Trojan siege. Neptune is opposed to Apollo, Minerva to Mars, Juno to Diana, and Vulcan to Scamander. This arrangement is in strict accordance with their character, in Theosophy. That is to say, Neptune, the earth-shaking Deity, is opposed to Appollo, the calm patron of the gentle lyre. Minerva, the mistress of peaceful and innocent wisdom and industry, is the antagonist of Mars, the god of blood-stained war. Juno, the wife, is hostile to Diana, the virgin. Vulcan, or fire, is a sworn enemy to Scamander, whose river extinguishes the fiercest blaze.

Some critics imagine, that Homer displays an art of which he was unconscious. But we would adduce, in refutation

of this argument, that the principal aim of skill, in art is, to appear artless and natural. Simplicity captivates the world. Homer, therefore, classed his Deities with great precaution, to avoid any attitude which might appear affected or ill-placed. It is useless to talk of Homer's being guided by an indefinite inspiration. No! he proceeded with deep reflection and study. Sometimes the most astounding facts, written by the most learned men, are expressed in such an obvious manner, that they seem to be simple and unsophisticated. Frequently, a man of small acquirements, may, by reflection, obtain such a power of classification, as to appear inspired to those who do not see through his method. Let us then allow that Homer, whether he were learned or unlearned, had the mind of an artist. It is well, on the proper occasion, to draw the distinction between Paganism and Mythology. They are widely different things. Paganism is the blind worship of idols—a religion of which Homer was not guilty, as his art amply testifies. It is true that the Greek nation were Pagans, but we must exclude a few of their brilliant minds, from that insulting and slanderous epithet. Are not the most wicked and absurd superstitions, prevalent at this enlightened epoch? Has not the populace been shuddering under the stories of many a false Prophet, whose names are too ignominious to mention? Have not the churches of Christendom been forced to promulgate hopeful and encouraging arguments, from the pulpit, in order to silence the fears of the superstitious devotees of corrupt and false dogmas? Certainly, an author describing the fanatical notions of the present age, would startle the pride of those who imagine, that superstition is dead, or idolatry extinct in the most enlightened communities. Let us not look back, three thousand years, and call ourselves holy, at the expense of the deluded Pagan.

Let us exhibit Christian charity to those who were born under an evil star. We have had the good fortune to spring into existence, under the spiritual, glorious and unrivalled Star of Bethlehem, and we should rejoice, that our lines have fallen to us in pleasant places. Let us endeavor to do justice to the Pagan, and give him all the credit which he deserves. Remember Socrates, Plato, Solon, Thales, Xenocrates, Ariston and Pythagoras.

To call such men a race of heathen idolators, is an abuse of terms and a gross violation of the laws of common charity. St. Paul has told us, that charity is greater than hope or faith. Let us then, give the true reason, why Milton, Shakspear, Fenelon, Byron, Boileau, Tasso, Dante,

Schiller and a host of immortal, Christian poets, have adorned their muse with the mythological flower, and have stamped the Grecian allegory upon the literature of the whole world. The writings of these great men, have scattered the rays of Apollo to the forest-haunt of the savage. Let us not be too hasty in condemning the art, which contributes to interpret the feelings of all nations, by a series of emblems, which seem to have sprung from nature herself. Mythology, as a means of poetical machinery, or reflective imagery, belongs to the Christian, because he has adopted it, not for worship, but for instruction. The Bible, gives the example of allegory. The Serpent, speaking to Eve, in Paradise, means, that the spirit of evil, called Satan, corrupted woman first, and man afterwards. Christ, our blessed Redeemer, conveyed instruction, chiefly, by Parables. Thus, art, and nature, will not be prevented by bigotry, from taking their proper course. In vain, have prejudiced and uncharitable minds, condemned Milton and Fenelon, for their attachment to Mythology. At the present day, there is almost no book, except the Bible, more commonly diffused, than *Paradise Lost*, and the *Adventures of Telemachus*. Let these facts be salutary lessons to those, who condemn Mythology, merely because Pagans invented it. As well might you refuse to employ architecture and ships, because they were first made by heathen hands. We might, for the same reason, abolish churches, because Pagans built the first temple. Solomon himself, was not so scrupulous. He cared not that the heathen Egyptians had temples, but he was determined to erect one for the Jews. The statues of the Heathen Gods, which the Christians place in their Museums, are intended for ornament, and not for adoration. No person sacrifices animals to Apollo, whose bust or image, is so frequently visible, on public buildings, in Christian cities. Just as in statues, so in words, when we mention Jove, we do not mean idolatry, but an attribute of the soul, and we call him the Thunderer, to designate the agent of electricity.

Mythology should be retained, as a resource of poetry, and as a memento of the early history of the world, teaching man what he has been, and inspiring him to loftier effort and purer morality. But as we have remarked, it is already incorporated into the best productions of Christian talent. Therefore, poets find useful and attractive springs of emblematic diction, in those allegorical fictions, which bear the impress of Grecian genius.



## MYTHOLOGICAL QUOTATIONS FROM SHAKESPEAR.

**HAMLET.**—Look here, upon this picture, and on this;  
 The counterfeit presentment of two brothers.  
 See what a grace was seated on this brow:  
*Hyperion* curls; the front of *Jove* himself;  
 An eye like *Mars*, to threaten and command;  
 A station like the herald *Mercury*,  
 New-lighted, on a heaven-kissing hill;  
 A combination and a form indeed,  
 Where every God did seem to set his seal,  
 To give the world assurance of a man.

**ROMEO AND JULIET.**—Gallop apace, you fiery footed steeds,  
 Towards Phœbus' mansion; such a waggoner  
 As Phœton would whip you to the west,  
 And bring in cloudy night immediately.  
 Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night!

**TEMPEST.**—I boarded the king's ship; now on the beak,  
 Now in the waist—the deck—in every cabin  
 Flamed amazement; sometimes, I'd divide,  
 And burn in many places; on the top-mast,  
 The yards and bowsprit, would I flame distinctly,  
 Then meet and join; *Jove's* lightnings—the precursors  
 O' the dreadful thunderclaps, more momentary  
 And sight-outrunning, were not: the fire and cracks  
 Of sulphurous roaring, the most mighty Neptune  
 Seemed to besiege, and make his bold waves tremble,  
 Yea, his dread Trident shake!  
 You Nymphs, called Naiads, of the wandering brooks,  
 With your sedged crowns, and ever harmless looks,  
 Leave your crisp channels, and on this green land,  
 Answer your summons; Juno does command:  
 Come temperate Nymphs!

**MERCHANT OF VENICE.**———Now he goes  
 With no less presence than, but with much more love.  
 Than young Alcides, when he did redeem  
 The virgin-tribute paid by howling Troy,  
 To the sea-monster.  
 How many cowards, whose hearts are all as false  
 As stairs of sand, wear yet upon their chins,  
 The beards of Hercules, and frowning Mars.

—Therefore, thou gaudy gold,  
Hard food for Midas, I will none of thee.

TAMING THE SHREW.—She may more suitors have, and me for one.  
Fair Leda's daughter, had a thousand wooers.

RICHARD III.—Delay leads impotent and snail-paced beggary.  
Then fiery expedition be my wing,  
Jove's Mercury and herald for a king!

## CHAPTER V.

### HOMER.

Let us, for a season, close the Mythological scenes, and present our reader the moral instructions, contained in Homer's Iliad.

#### HOMER AS THE PAINTER OF THE HUMAN PASSIONS.\*

In speaking of Homer, it is not necessary to attempt to reveal the mystic wisdom, which certain transcendental philosophers, have attributed to his genius; nor his historical and philosophical knowledge, which many critics have worthily developed; nor his matchless poetic style, which the wisest men of every age and nation have praised, already; but it is fitting to expose the many *virtues*, which distinguish him, as the head of innumerable ancient and modern poets; in a word, Homer must be represented, as the "Painter of the human passions." Refined criticism, and verbal analysis, must on this occasion, give place to the unity of the general design, among so many topics, which the great poet has introduced into his production.

Homer, as regards his Iliad, which he wrote in the bloom of his age and intellect, may be compared with the sun, says Longinus, which, at its meridian, diffuses its life-giving rays, to gladden, and strengthen, and fructify nature;

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\*This matter was translated from a Greek literary periodical, entitled, *Logios Hermes*, edited at Viena, Austria, by two learned Greeks, in 1817, and which originally was, we believe, from the pen of a German savant. It was translated into English, about twelve years since, as an English exercise, while the author was a pupil of Rev. Mr. Hill, the American Missionary at Athens.

and, as regards the *Odyssey*, written in advanced life, he may be compared with the same orb, in the west, as it sets, preserving its magnitude, but not its former power.

It is indisputable, that the human passions, are more easily excited in time of war, and civil dissension, than in time of peace; and that, under such circumstances, the nature of man is rendered more sensitive and active. The wisest of the Greeks have observed the same; all states have experienced it; in our own age, Europe has borne witness to this fact. If every armed body displays a lofty example of the human passions, how much more energetically would their force operate, in the army of the Greeks, subject as they were to so many allied kings, removed from their country, and all acknowledging one common ruler, for the purpose of contending against a rich and powerful nation, and especially at a period when Greece had hardly begun to govern herself.

On this account, the chief among poets, the teacher in the most lofty and difficult department of poetry, the epic, chose, from among the passions displayed by the Greeks, before Troy, to sing the most violent and terrible of all, namely, Anger. But that Homer's selection may appear worthy and proper, it were indispensable, first, that he should prefer the greatest of the then existing heroes; secondly, that the anger should proceed from highly reasonable sources; thirdly, that the quarrels and disputes should contribute to heighten the standard of the merit of the hero; fourthly, that the consequences of the anger should be advantageous; fifthly, that the passion of anger should predominate, throughout the poem, over the other emotions; sixthly and lastly, that the conversation and conduct of all the heroes, should harmonise with their passions. But it is to be seen how the poet has succeeded in this respect.

Firstly. What hero's anger does Homer sing? It is that of Achilles, the son of Peleus and Thetis, the chieftain. I mean to say, of the Myrmidons; he was the most powerful and renowned of the heroes, of those times; Achilles was more dreaded in battle than all the rest. To comprehend the degree to which Achilles was feared by the foes and by the very Greeks, it is sufficient to compare him with Diomed and Ajax, heroes of that age, and leaders of the Hellenic forces. Diomed, although he appeared, at first, magnanimous, became, at last, pusillanimous, and retired, at the approach of the Trojans; and Ajax, although he wounded the most valliant son of Priam, and routed the foe from the Grecian camp, at last began to fear and doubt; but

hardly had the Trojans seen young Patroclus, in the armour of Achilles, than they fled with terror, thinking it was Achilles himself.

Achilles, not only appeared powerful, brave, and magnanimous, but also a sincere friend, whose cordial love for Patroclus, is far above that of Ajax for Tencer, or that of Diomed for Sthenelus; and, besides the anger, Achilles is superior to all the others.

Secondly. Some say, why should the king of the Myrmidons be angry, and why should the greatest of poets sing his unwarranted passion? But the anger of Achilles, is not unwarranted. Agamemnon, the king, has excited it. Agamemnon has abused his authority, in presence of the army; he has deprived Achilles of the beautiful Briseis, the gift, which the allies had promised to him, for his bravery. What greater testimony to the tender feelings of the hero, than his anger, on losing the prize of delicate affection, won by lofty daring! Hector, too, Hector justly excites his fury by the death of his cherished Patroclus. But if in every age and nation, the pride of rulers is a subject of hate, how much more should it have been restrained, in the heroic times of Greece, which took up arms to wreak vengeance, for the wrongs which the Trojans had perpetrated, even before the gate of Agamemnon's abode; and how much more should it have been controlled, while the safety of Greece depended on Achilles, the friend of Glory, who was incited, by just anger, to punish the outrageous foe of the Greeks and the murderer of his cordial companion, whom he had instructed and clad in his own armor.

Thirdly. How many virtues are associated with the anger of Achilles! He does not boast of his power and of his arms, to despise the laws, not even in the midst of his fury. It is falsely, then, that the Roman poet asserted, "*Jura neget sibi nati, nihil non arroget armis.*" "He denies that laws were designed for himself, and claims all by right of arms."

He defends the rights of man; he despises nothing but riches and pleasures, and he exercises compassion, even towards his enemies; he defends the rights of man, when instead of exhibiting his rage before the messengers, whom Agamemnon sends to him to carry away his Briseis, he gives them a friendly and reverent reception, according to custom, into his tent, and delivers to them his beloved companion, and he retires alone to the sea-shore, to shed tears of anger and sorrow; he despises riches, when he rejects the precious gifts, and the seven cities, which the

monarch of princes orders for him ; and when he receives the presents of Priam, which were offered for the ransom of Hector's body, he takes them for no other design, than to honor his slain friend, Patroclus ; he despises pleasures, when he rejects the offer of the seven beautiful Lesbian maidens, the twenty Trojan girls, and as a wife, one of the daughters of Agamemnon himself, saying, that each man should, prefer his rightful wife, and that he considers the captive Briseis, as his own. Finally, he appears compassionate, even towards his foes ; when the unhappy Priam falls complaining before his feet, and asks for the body of his son ; he even sympathises with the unhappy aged king, consoles him, pities him, orders the body of his enemy to be washed and enveloped, in two of the robes, which the aged king had given him, places it on the chariot, himself, and restores it to him at last.

He exceeds the limits of order, when intoxicated with wrath, he draws his sword to slay Agamemnon, to whom he had promised obedience ; he appears, however, immediately afterwards, generous and ready to soften and restrain his anger ; he transgresses, when he refuses to listen to the entreaties of the Allies, to go to battle, and when he overlooks the wants of the nation, his glory, and the very repentance of Agamemnon ; but this obstinacy of his, declares, on one side, the outrage of the principal leaders against the whole people, when they excite the heroes and supporters of their rights, and on the other, the friendship, the cry of which he cannot resist.

He transgresses order, when he sacrifices the twelve Trojan youths, upon the grave of his dear Patroclus ; but such a deed displays the barbarity of the age, and not that of Achilles, the hero, because he fulfills the bloody funeral rites sanctioned by religion, and obeys the institution of his native land. Lastly, he commits an impropriety, when he remains angry, during many days, against his slain enemy ; but this shows how difficult it was to satisfy the soul of the hero with revenge, for the murder of his sincere friend. On the contrary, he appears compassionate, when the old Priam entreats him for the body of his son ; what then is observable in him ; Achilles, full of rage and mildness, severe at once, and kind, possessing virtue and faults, which characterize the hero, according to the Stagerite philosopher, who advises tragic writers to choose such a hero ; he must, says Aristotle, preserve the mean between two. Therefore, Homer's choice was judicious.

Fourthly. How pernicious to the Greeks, was the anger of

Achilles, is observable throughout the *Iliad*. It resembles that of the son of Jupiter and Latona, Apollo, who, when irritated against Agamemnon, for his insult upon the messengers, afflicted with the pestilence, the army of the Greeks, for many days. While Achilles, angry, is demanded, and does not lead the forces; they are afflicted, agitated, and beaten back by the enemy; Agamemnon is haunted by dreams; he suspects Achilles of designing to obtain sovereign authority; he endeavors to induce the Greeks to abandon the siege; the whole camp is in confusion; the assembly is displeased; Ulysses, throwing his garment on the ground, snatches the sceptre from the hands of the king; runs hither and thither, in grief and haste, to encourage the council to assemble once more. Agamemnon returns to the camp, now reproaching, and now praising the allies; in the mean time, the Trojans rush like tigers upon the Greek nation, beat them, destroy them, so that the haughty Agamemnon, weeping, is forced in reality, to depart. Diomed reproaches him for his weakness; the wise Nestor rebukes him for his insults upon the allies, and on Achilles, and knowing his fault, seeks every means to restore his mildness. Here how wonderfully does Homer paint the proud rulers, now in the light of suspicion, now in that of fear, and now in that of repentance. But the hero is not swayed by their promises, or by the entreaties of the allies; he does not take up arms to protect the Greeks, but seeks revenge from the nation in its evils, caused by Agamemnon, who now strives to fill the place of Achilles. He fights with bravery and enthusiasm; he is wounded, and with him the best of the chieftains, while the foe destroys the Greeks, and almost succeeds in approaching near enough to set fire to the ships. Such are the consequences of anger and haughtiness. But if the rage of Achilles against Agamemnon, afflicted the Greeks, and originated many misfortunes, that against Hector, caused the fall of Troy.

I do not describe the generosity of the soul of the hero, the hope, which he gives to the Greeks, nor the destruction which he caused to the hostile forces, because every movement, every blow, inspires with passion and enthusiasm. Here the poet now likens him to a ferocious lion, rushing against the foes; now he compares him to a brilliant star in darkness; and now as a destructive fire in a withered grove; here he paints him with the liveliest colors; at last, the most valliant of the Trojans, the stay of the kingdom, the hope of Priam, the slayer of Patroclus, is destroyed by

the invincible arm of Achilles; here at last, his anger delivers the Greeks, facilitates the means for the ruin of Troy, and immortalises the glory of his nation.

Fifthly. According to the opinion of many critics, the poet proposes to sing only, the anger of Achilles, destructive to the Greeks; and when it ceases, the work still continues; therefore, say some, either the anger extends throughout the Iliad, or the proposition of Homer is false. But to this objection, I reply, it is indisputable that he really sings, throughout the Iliad, the wrath of Achilles, since after it ceases towards Agamemnon, it is rekindled with greater force against his enemy, Hector, and occasions great results. Wrath, says Aristotle, is necessary to warriors, since it is impossible to accomplish any noble or great undertaking, unless it excites the soul and the daring of the warrior. The philosopher, Seneca, says the contrary; virtue alone is sufficient; but the Roman did not comprehend the Stagerite; the latter had before his eyes the greatest hero of Greece, and the other, the inferior tyrant of Rome. The heroic wrath of Homer, described by the Stagerite, is recommended by many others, in modern warriors; and Sosiphanes desired to see engraved on the countenance of the aged, what the poet, Tasso, calls,

*Ldegno guerrier della region feroce.*

The opinion of many of Homer's sycophants is false, and particularly that of the French scholar Perrault, who contend, that the poet's work is not the composition of one writer, and that the Iliad, is a collection of small poems, which celebrated the fall of Troy, and the return of the victors, and were sung in different places.

Perrault, adducing the testimony of Ælian, endeavors to show that the work is composed of extracts, without order, and that the poet named the first book the anger of Achilles, the second, the numbering of the ships, and the rest according to the matter which they contained; but many of the moderns, and particularly Despreaux, have shown that the wrath could not be a part of the subject of the poem, since it is sung throughout the production, and moreover, that Ælian does not refer either to the manner with which the author composed his work, nor to the opinion of the ancients, nor to the terms by which the various portions of the poem were denominated; according to Perrault, he only mentions certain extracts of the poem, which were sung in Greece, and to which the bards gave the

names which their fancy supplied. Thus faulty, is the idea of the French critic.

With Achilles' wrath, what other passions are depicted by the inimitable pen of the chief of poets, in various parts of the Iliad? In the poets, orators, and historians of every age and nation, we see not only a peculiar inclination for one passion, or another, but a certain strength in delineating them. We see Aeschylus painting the haughtiness of tyrants, the unchangeable daring of heroes; we see Sophocles presenting before our eyes, hatred, anger, and repentance; we see Euripides characterizing madness, blind love, hopelessness; in Homer, on the contrary, we behold the picture of all the human passions. The subject of Achilles' wrath, is the pride of Agamemnon; both have influence over the army; the one through arms, the other by the sceptre. Pride, according to Theophrastus, is nothing else but a contempt of all mankind, except self; and thus we see in Agamemnon, who reveres no one, soldier, priest, fellow-countrymen, or foreigner, with what haughtiness he reproaches Ulysses, Diomed and Menestheus; with what insult he drives away Chryses, the aged priest, revered by all; and when he seeks a reward according to his wish, from the Greeks, and announces, that if they refuse, he will take the prize from Ajax, Ulysses, and Achilles; what outrage, in fine, was it in Agamemnon, to irritate Achilles, and take from his tent, his cherished Briseis; they both rave, as Horace has said,

*"Ira communiter urit utrumque."*

(Wrath inspires both at once.)

Agamemnon, is provoked, but immediately becomes softened; then fears for the future and trembles; but the hero is encouraged by friendship, the natural right, and rests in his tent, with his friend, Patroclus.

The poet does not confine himself merely to the description of wrath and arrogance, but he sketches with the most lively and true colors, both the fear and the suspicion; when the messengers of Agamemnon, Talbythios and Eurybates, in their terror, dared not approach the tent of Achilles, to demand Briseis; he, knowing their design and their innocence, kindly invites them, and delivers to their hands his spouse. With how much vividness he pictures the fear of Andromache, united with motherly tenderness! When Hector is preparing to leave his abode, and she approaches in haste, and exhibits before him his child, Astya-



nax, in the arms of its nurse; the father, sweetly smiling and gazing upon his boy; the mother entreating him, as his wife, to remain within the tower, and promising herself to watch for his safety; with how much dexterity, he describes the fear of the same child, at the glitter of the arms, when the father advances to embrace it, and the weeping innocent turns its face and hides it in the bosom of its nurse. How admirably he represents the terror of Priam and Hecabe, when, from the walls, they behold Achilles, running like a lion towards the city, and challenging Hector to fight; while the unhappy old man, on one side, foreseeing the misfortunes, raises his hands towards heaven, groaning and weeping to prevent the exit of his son; and on the other, the weeping mother disclosing her bosom to her son, to move his pity.

But the poet has not simply depicted the fear of revered men, and of the innocent child, but also the terror of the degraded and the pusillanimous; the fear of Paris, when he sees Menelaus, the chieftain, in the Hellenic camp; he compares Paris to the coward, who, seeing a serpent in a grove, returned, half dead with fright, to the path; thus Paris, seeing Menelaus, conceals himself, afrighted, among his soldiers. With the same exact coloring, he paints the dread of the Trojans, for Achilles' wrath, 'till they tremble, and in their confusion, separate into two divisions; some running in desperate haste, back to the city, and others to the Scamander; some of whom, cast themselves into the river, to escape from the fury of the foe.

In a style, immortal and inimitable, Homer depicts the various degrees of grief, according to circumstances and surrounding objects; the grief of the priest, Chryses, in connection with saintly reverence, and the hope of liberating his daughter, as he presents himself peaceful and mild, and approaches the Grecian ships, demanding his daughter, and offering the ransom, and in a few words, praying victory for the enemies of his country. Whoever is not a father, will condemn, perhaps, the unhappy priest, for his prayer, in favor of his enemies. In the countenance of the allies, how admirably Homer paints the astonishment, the grief, and the silence, when they hear in the tent of Agamemnon, from Ulysses, the inflexible purpose of Achilles, the rejection of every offer and entreaty; his denial of all future association with the allies, who, beholding the unfortunate condition in which the hero has left them, are for a long time silent, and on their faces, appear depicted, both astonishment and grief. Let every tragic writer learn from

Homer, the art of painting speechless deeds, which have more influence than mere words. The wisest imitator of Homer, Virgil, profited by him, when he formed, in the broad bowers of Hades, the meeting of Æneas and Dido, from whom, while he asks forgiveness for his luckless abandonment of her, she silently looks upon the ground, glances, aside, a final look to him, and flies.

What a sensation is excited, when he describes the grief of Helen, the reproach of her conscience, obliged as she was, to cast contempt upon him whom she so tenderly loved; she nourishes in her bosom a strong desire of seeing her first spouse, her native land, her abode; and she sheds tears, when she sees the Hellenic forces, collected on her account; she dares not raise her eyes before Priam; she cannot repress her tears, nor pardon her own fault, though Priam himself, in presence of the council, pronounces her guiltless. Inimitable, in fine, is the delineation of grief, in the sensitive soul of Achilles, when Nestor's son announces to him, the death of his dear Patroclus; he casts himself upon the ground, rolls in the dust, tears the hair from his head, seeks his sword to destroy himself, while Antilochus hinders him. What a terrible sight is presented, when, under the walls of Troy, Achilles, with his swift-footed steeds, drags the body of Hector, in sight of the spectators, on the tower, Priam, Hecabe, and Hector's wife, Andromache; observe the mother, weeping bitterly; the father, in despair, asking to depart, repelling all that obstruct his course; then behold the wife, in a swoon; see the confusion and lamentation of the whole city of Troy! Calumniator of Homer! If your soul is not moved by Homer's description of passion, you are enemies to him and to humanity itself.

Besides, we see in the Iliad, also, the delineation of Love's features, which the celebrated Harvay has denied to it; we see this passion more predominant in the beseiged city, than in the army of the Greeks. In one place, Achilles loves Briseis, as being his wife, and she, in turn, is exceedingly grieved, on being *reduced* to the necessity of leaving his tent; in another, Hector is represented as being ardently attached to Andromache, and while his country calls him to battle, love leads him back to his palace, to salute his spouse, and allows him to depart, only, when he resumes his wonted joyful mood and gives a smile; in another place, Menelaus, the betrayed spouse of Helen, fights but to wreak vengeance on the seducer, rather, than to recover his wife; yonder Paris, intoxicated with love, prefers the

lute to arms, calls beauty the most precious gift of heaven, in all the misfortunes which his country suffers, he seeks the arms of Helen, while he flies from battle; yonder, Agamemnon prefers Chryseis, to his wife, Clytæmnestra, but he restores her at the counsel of the priest; yonder the Trojan counsellors, on the tower, opposite the Grecian camp, seeing Helen, direct their attention to the future danger of their country, and the one whispers to the other, and at last, pardon both the Trojans and the Greeks, if, on her account, they have taken up arms.

What shall be said of the contest, which the poet sketches? All the warriors of both armies, rival with one another in bravery, not only in battle, but in the contests which join, in honor of his friend Patroclus; here the extacy of passion reigns, there the young emulate the aged, the kings the soldier; here, amid the praising and vociferating spectators, one is enraged, another rejoices, and another weeps. I omit innumerable other allusions that heighten the effect of the description. Inimitable is Homer's change of style, on account of which many have called him, in diction, more *dramatic* than any other poet, and in truth, we can observe it, when, Ulysses, Ajax and Phœnix, are selected as ambassadors of the army, and are sent to soften Achilles' wrath; the first, by an artful disposition, reminds him of the mandates of his father Peleus; the second rebukes his severity towards the allies and friends, and seeing his unchangeable determination, asks Ulysses to request them to depart; the third, at last, as being aged, as a father, and as a teacher, speaks to him, and strives to soften him.

We cite one of the replies of Achilles, to Ajax.

"Magnanimous leader of the Hellenic forces; I am well aware that what you have told me, came from the depths of your soul; but I am angry, when I remember that Agamemnon employed me, as a stranger, without rank and without honor; depart, tell to the allies my determination; say, that I shall not fight 'till Hector has routed the Greeks, burned their ships, and approached the camp of the Myrmidons whom I command. In my tent, in my ship I await him, to allay his unbridled fury."

In this conversation, although Achilles exhibits great austerity, still I behold him more sensitive upon the corpse of his friend Patroclus. "Oh Gods," says he, "how vain have been my words and my promises to the aged Menætiæus, to restore his son to him, after the fall of Troy. Fortune has decreed that both of us perish upon the same soil; neither Peleus, nor my mother, will see me any more at


home; this shore will be the common grave of Patroclus and me. But since such is the will of Fate, I will not burn thy body, oh Patroclus, until I have brought to thee the arms and the head of your murderer, Hector, together with twelve of the noblest Trojan youths; at present let him be washed and purified by the tears of the Trojan dames, whom our valor has captured."

Such, my friends, are the glorious hopes of our country; now consider how useful to you is the reading of Homer, of whose painting, of the human passions, I have given you these outlines. Feel that reverence which ages of wisdom and refinement have accorded to the monarch of Poets; from him the best men, and the most talented cultivators of the fine arts, have collected, from time to time, not only the matter of their productions, but also the sketching, the characters, and the force of phraseology; learn from him to paint the human passions, after knowing their principles, progress and power, by a familiarity with the philosophers, and particularly with the Stagerite; cherish in your soul the friendship and compassion of Achilles; listen always to wise Nestor's counsel; hate the arrogance of Agamemnon; in fine, show yourselves true patriots.

## CHAPTER VI.

### OVERTHROW OF PAGANISM, AND REVIVAL OF MYTHOLOGY.

Christendom suffers the mythological beings, the Genii of the Grecian poets' brain, to wander within some of her shrines. The images and statues of the saints of the Romish church, and the pictures used by the Eastern sects and the Russians, correspond with Heathen Deities, in their principal characteristics and functions. It is even asserted that the identical Jupiter, sculptured by a Hellenic artist of antiquity, has in modern times, been christened St. Peter, and rendered an object of adoration. St. Nicholas and the Virgin Mary, are called the patrons of the mariner, and are invoked by their votaries, with as much sincerity, as Neptune of yore. St. George takes the place of Mars, as the guide of the warrior. The Virgin Mary, is entreated by the Roman Catholics, to intercede for them with Christ, precisely in the same manner, as the old Pagans prayed Minerva to rep-



resent their interest to Jove. Other coincidences might be cited.

This truly is Paganism, lurking, like a wolf in sheep's clothing, in the fold of our Great Shepherd. How long has this corruption been prevalent? Cast your eye back to primitive christianity, and witness the efforts of the Grecian Iconoclasts, to exterminate the Olympian deified attributes, by breaking the statues. Did they succeed in eradicating Heathenism from the Romish Church? No! Despite Paul, Chrysostom, Basil, Gregory, and the other classic writers, against idolatry, the partiality of Rome, for her stocks and stones, continued, publicly and privately, till the eighth century, when the substance, but not the spirit, of devotion, took a different aspect. Instead of falling down before their idols, with their former names, they gave them Christian titles, and, by converting the appellation, thought, perhaps, that the Christian idea associated with the wood or marble form, was calculated to renew the heart. Such abominable abuse of God's precepts, on Mt. Sinai, such a pernicious perversion of the doctrines of Christ, and such a horrible violation of common logic, never cast so disgraceful a blot on the page of Ecclesiastical history!

A long series of ages passed, in almost entire neglect of mental and moral culture. Man seemed to have forgotten true ethics, and adopted a morbid insensibility and uncouthness, falsely styled, humility; an unnatural and wholly illusory exaltation of the heart, goaded onward by ludicrous penance, and improperly termed, "a longing for heaven!"


Such contempt of God's eternal creation, was practiced by his dependent creatures, that no one examined nature at all, except to discover the philosopher's stone, or something else equally avaricious and passionate, in association! The longing for heaven, which they professed, was the quintessence of mammon! The priests of a corrupt Christianity, sat watching the declining sun, and rejoiced, when day was past, that they might eat and sleep once more!

The Greek Missionaries, unable to extirpate the heathenish attachment of the Romans, exclaimed at last, in despair, "Rome has returned to her idols; let her alone!" The *schism* of the church, followed this attempt of the Iconoclasts, in the middle of the ninth century. After that period, the Greeks gradually resumed pictures of the saints, but refused to disobey the command of Moses, to make no *graven image*! They followed the letter of the law, the letter that killeth! But if Greece fell into portrait worship and pilgrimages, she never harbored the sale of indul-

gences, and she barred her gates to the unspeakable barbarities of the Papal Inquisition ! She still possessed great minds, who declaimed against the appearance of idolatry and priestcraft, and diffused their doctrines throughout many portions of Asia, Africa and Europe. Paganism began to tremble, under the renewed study of Paul and Chrysostom, wherever the Greek savant excited a taste for the study of the language, in which the works of the Apostolic, or Martyred or Sainted early Christians are written. The revival of Greek learning, was the death blow to Paganism, in its universal dominion. The Saracens, by the study of the Greek, were driven to the extreme of opposition, to Heathenism. The perversion of their refinement, by the false prophet, was the cunning contrivance of ambition, for power, in which the Greeks had no hand. As for the Europeans, it is pleasing to observe that no strong faction has destroyed the happy effect of Greek influence, to the present day. The study of the Hellenic records of inspiration, goes on with no hindrance, except from the occasional exertions of the Pope, or his adherants, to banish the Bible from the poor man's bosom. When did this moral reformation, in Europe, take place ? I answer, by citing historical facts.

Soon after the Crusades, the Turks, beginning to conquer the territory of the Greek empire, drove immense numbers of learned men westward, until 1453, when the taking of Byzantium, forced the last philosopher, poet and historian, to retire. This important emigration of nobles and literati, raised the tide of European intellect and morals, which seemed almost inspired, until, rising to its flood, it ebbed across the ocean, and reached the new world. At this epoch of the general dispersion, the universities of Europe, received fresh life, and attained a lofty growth, under Greek influence.

By the side of the famous Lascasis, and others, was Gemistus Pletho, a Greek philosopher, exiled upon the shores of Italy. While his countrymen were sad, Pletho was ever cheerful and smiling. His peculiar costume and bearing, copied from the strange manners of the ancient philosophers, excited much curiosity. Without writhing beneath the taunts to which a vanquished nation is exposed, he referred to the creations of the Greek poets, and the theories of Plato, and derived therefrom fond anticipations that they would yet be appreciated. He also hoped that the world would, at last, understand the intellectual worth of his people, and contribute to rescue them from



the tyranny of the Musulmans. This prophetic desire, has been partly accomplished, after four centuries, by the battle of Navarino.

Pletho was wholly controlled by the wand of those magicians of the intellect, Homer and Plato. He was happy, while inspired by the reminiscences of antiquity. When he saw the intellectual ardor of the Italians increasing, he prophecied the "revival of Mythology." Let us see what assisted the accomplishment of this remarkable announcement.

Those productions of art, which depend chiefly upon Mythological associations for their charm, became articles of great value and expensive search, in Europe, while the Turk was vainly attempting to sweep, from the earth, every vestige of Christian morals and classic refinement.

The Italians, the French and the English, centered their noble efforts, upon making collections of statues and manuscripts. The marble representations of Mythology were brought to light, undisguised, by false names. This was a spirit of art, the true protesting spirit, which condemns Paganism, and frees the mythological attributes of the soul, from the despotism of blind worship. The enormous emigration of Greek families, to Germany, rendered the Greek language, a common branch of education. The teachings of Plato's philosophy, gradually operated an awakening influence, in the Monks themselves.

Erasmus, the great German champion of the Classics, laid (to use the quaint idiom of those times) the egg, which Luther, an interpreter of Plato's tenets, as a college professor, hatched! Here begun the Reformation from a teacher of Philosophy! Protestantism went hand in hand, with the study of Paul and Plato, Luke and Chrysostom. Homer, in Germany and England, those hot-beds of Lutheranism, became the model genius of epic poetry. The highest authors, culled flowers of mythology to adorn their brilliant thoughts. Milton, by a dexterous innovation, stamped a mythological aspect on Hebrew Theogony, and cast an enlightened veil over the corruption of the Dark Ages, burying Paganism in the pit of its own Tartarus. Just as Homer, by mythological emblems, destroyed the divinity of the idols, by a human association, so Milton overthrew the worship of sainted and angelic natures, by associating them with common life. Homer preceded philosophy and sculpture, Milton followed their introduction, which had been already ushered by Greek influence.

Thus Pletho's prophecy of the revival of mythology, has

been fully realised. Paganism has been trampled under foot, Christianity triumphed. Mythology has descended to her true sphere, her only domain, namely, that of allegorical or emblematic interpretation. Let the Muses, then, step forward, in their native simplicity, to be courted, but not adored!

## CHAPTER VII.

### RELICS OF MYTHOLOGY AMONG THE MODERN GREEKS.

The modern Greek populace retain many vestiges of the ancient Mythology.

A trio, of terrible women, are supposed to move over the country, during the plague, destroying life. The first, carries a register to note down the victims, the second wounds them with scissors; and the third with a broom, sweeps them to eternity. These are called *Mœrae*, Fates, three in number, *Clotho*, *Lachesis* and *Atropos*. Their peculiar emblems are changed, but their office is the same.

The Furies obtain reverence, under the title of *Kalais Archontissas* and *Kyrades*, (kind ladies,) by way of euphemism, like the *Eumenides* (well disposed,) by which they were formerly invoked.

On the mountain range of *Taygetus*, called *Pente Dactyla*, it is said, that three *Nereids* dance perpetually, on the summit of *Scardamyla*. They are formed, like a goat, in the lower portions of the body, with a female human shape in the upper, of incomparable beauty, but fatal to man who approaches them. The *Nereids*, are properly, *Oreades*; the number three, is a reminiscence of the graces; their goat's feet apply to *Satyrs*. These beings are blended into one.

A very popular song, composed by a modern Greek *Matron*, singing to her infant, will suffice to show that *Boreas* and *Orion*, have not yet vanished from the domestic circle. The prayer to sleep reminds one of *Morpheus*.

#### CRADLE SONG BY A GRECIAN MATRON.

Oh sleep ! Attend my prayerful lay !  
 Receive my child, and flit away !  
 Three sentinels all strong and brave  
 Will shield the charge, by land and wave.  
 Above the sky, I station one,



The brilliant star-commanding Sun.  
 The Eagle on the land shall be,  
 And fresh'ning Boreas on the sea.  
 The setting sun had sought the West,  
 When Boreas reached his mother's breast.  
 She welcomed him with smiles of joy,  
 And thus addressed her truant boy.  
 "My son, where hast thou been away?  
 Where wast thou lingering yesterday!  
 Didst thou dispute with any star,  
 Or with the moon combat afar,  
 Or with Orion bright, contend?  
 But he is my especial friend.  
 Said Boreas, "No! I stopped to view  
 An infant sleeping, where I blew!"

Charon figures, as the messenger of the dead, transporting them from earth to Hades. In former times, Mercury had this office. Charon, also, is imagined as wrestling with healthy men, and overcoming the strongest yeoman.

Zeus, or Jupiter, is a familiar Deity among the moderns. The citizens make invocations in hymns, to the Father of the Gods. Even Pluto, the unwelcome king of the Shades, has an invocation, of which we give a version.

#### INVOCATION TO PLUTO.

Oh! Pluto, thou infernal God!  
 Enthroned in darkness, 'neath the sod,  
 O'er spirits of our ancient land,  
 The manes of that patriot band,  
 Whose life thou hast beneath thy sway,  
 While we have only their decay!

Let Alcibiades return,  
 And Socrates survive his urn;  
 Send Minos and Lycurgus here,  
 Bring Solon and Ulysses near.  
 Let Furies wander, fierce and wild,  
 On fields by tyranny defiled.

Let Cerberus, the dog that frets,  
 Bay here, 'till Turkey's crescent sets.  
 If thou dost aid not o'er the grave,



Baptise us in the Stygian wave,  
And christen us the glorious name,  
Our fathers in Elysium claim!

The Muses are remembered, and often entreated to return from their place of exile in the west.

## INVOCATION TO THE MUSES.

Return from exile, o'er the sea,  
Ye daughters of Mnemosyne!  
Since you have courted earth's applause,  
You've rivals in the choral cause,  
On your primeval mount.  
Come witness, by the holy rill,  
New prodigies of art and skill,  
Imbibe the modern fount!

Your nation is enslaved no more!  
They've sacrificed their tears and gore,  
At Reason's shrine, by Truth's command.  
Vile Sophistry has left the land,  
And routed Ignorance flies!  
The bigot, Coran, now is gone,  
And Homer blooms on Helicon;  
Pale Superstition dies.

A rival of the Orphic tone,  
Is moving every tree and stone,  
With couplets of exulting verse,  
In language free or wild, yet terse,  
Like Æschylus of old.  
The heroes cherish and desire  
Thy classic voices, worshipped choir,  
Their character to mould.

A troop of modern Muses, claims  
A title to your glorious names,  
Polhymnia and Calliope,  
Terpsichore, Melpomene,  
Euterpe and Thaleia,  
Erato and Urania fair,  
And Clio, all, attend the air  
Of Phœbus' modern lyre!

Such reminiscences of the Pagan Theogony, still adhere to the classic soil. The most curious fact of all, is, that the common people suppose that these fabulous divinities are particularly assigned to rule the destiny of Greece, in a political relation. Their prayers to Christ, they consider chiefly useful for futurity, while their hymns to Jove, seem to concern only the cause of national freedom and independence. The mountaineers despise monks and priests, and build no temples nor altars to any religion whatever. In this respect, they resemble the Greek aborigines of antiquity, who believed in one God, whose temple is nature itself. It is astonishing, that the idols of Cadmus, and the images of the Romish Church, which, for so many ages, have invaded the shores of Greece, have never gained a permanent footing in the Highlands. Perhaps the mountaineers of Greece, by their contempt of idolatry, cherish a national feeling of the unity of the Godhead, handed down from an epoch anterior to the time of Cadmus.

The only peculiarity among them, which looks like deification is, their singular habit of personifying natural objects. They converse about any remarkable mountain, vale, stream, or star, as if it was alive. One of the most celebrated Cleptic Odes, is addressed, by Olympus, to Ossa.\* Their Muse often talks to a river, and converses with eagles. In their extacy, they hear the dead utter a voice, and confabulate with the quick. In their fancy, the mountains are dreary and black, with melancholy, when death is harvesting man, during a raging pestilence.

The Clepts, or irregular warriors, call the earth an altar, and the universe a temple to the Supreme Being. With this idea in their fancy, they proceed with perfect sincerity to sacrifice barbarians and tyrants, who invade their haunts. They denominate their means, *heroism*, and their object—*liberty* and *law*. They look upon death, as repose from Herculean toil, and love it, only, when they can sweeten its pangs with glory. They are a remarkable community—never yet forced to lay down their arms, even in Turkey herself. They hold Olympus and Cretan Ida, despite every assault from the Musulman. History records their heroic deeds, from Castriotes, of the fifteenth century, who bade defiance to Amurath and Mohammed II., down to Bucu-

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\* We speak more minutely of their customs, manners, songs and dances, in the Essay on the Ancient and Modern Greek Language, lately published at Andover, and dedicated to the American students.

vallas, Zavelas, Odysseus, Colocotronis, Marco-Bozzaris, Cara-Isco and other chieftains, who belong to regular lines of mountain rulers, recognised and respected by the Sublime Porte.

Their principal communities, known as distinct, from the citizens, at large, are the Olympians, Parnassians, Suliotes, Parganiotes, Hymariotes, Spartans and Arcadians. All these formed separate states, governed by hereditary Chiefs. Without their assistance, the citizen Greeks, never could have shaken off the Turkish yoke.

Since the restoration of peace, many Olympians and Parnassians, have come to reside at Athens, as guards of the Capital. Their conversation is interesting to a man of research. When I asked one, "Of what age are you?" he replied, "Olympus knows it!" In their bursts of passion, they are often heard, swearing, by Olympus.

*Ma ton Elympon,*

As if to say, "*By the holy name of Freedom!*"

This explanation of the character of the mountaineers, indicates that they are quite different people from the citizens. The former, are sons of nature; the latter, are children of Mythology. In order to awaken the citizens, to energy, it was necessary to recall to their mind, all the deified attributes, introduced from Cadmus, down to the sainted beings of Christianity. When they struggled for liberty, they shouted, for more patriotic inspiration, both *Pater Zeu*, (Father Jove,) and *Pater Hemon*, (Pater noster.) While they bore the standard of the cross, they heard the trumpet call of Mars, as if, by mingling a part of their hereditary pagan worship, with the Christian belief, they might succeed, more effectually in breaking the Moslem yoke. Every student, of history, is aware, that the citizens, under the Greek Empire, expected to be saved, by a miracle, from Turkish invasion. Even after the city of Byzantium was taken, a multitude was waiting for an angel to descend from heaven, according to prophecy. Every hope, anticipated, from a pursuit of Christian peace, was lost; mercy was trampled under foot; justice was banished, and not a miracle interfered, to spare the oppressed, until Greece was plundered and insulted. The citizens, beholding their condition, gave up all hope of wonders and signs, from heaven, to restore freedom. They began to relate their peaceful submission, and imitated those mountaineers, whom they had once despised. Formerly the great Castriotes, whom the Turks praised, was not vaunted by the

citizens, because he was a warrior ; but, when they saw, that the martial sons of nature, could perform with heroism, a miracle, which Submission and Hope, could not, then they sang hymns, in eulogy of the champions of justice.

What do we learn, by the conduct of the Greeks, in their late struggle for liberty ? We find, on the one hand, the mountaineers, exclaiming, "It is sweet to die for native land." On the other, we hear the citizens declare, "Strike in the name of Christ and your godlike ancestry !" Here the sires of a glorious ancestry are deified, just in the same manner that the ancients deified Jupiter and others, who were at first kings in Crete, or elsewhere. The songs, that relate these events, display the truth of this assertion. The citizens, by association with art, became artificial in their minds, because they often allowed their hearts to partake of the habits of automaton emotion, and thus rendered themselves superstitious. If they permit their worldly passions, like a plastic substance, to take an unchangeable mould, invented by a Theologian, of a peculiar stamp, their opinion is identified with passion, and employed as a spur to fanaticism ; the sin of the followers of the Arabian false prophet. The Turks are not idolatrous, but they are fanatical ; a vice worse than superstition, for it oppresses not only other nations, but finally ruins its own. When a superstitious nation, throws away its pious scruples, it pays back, with unspeakable retribution, all the wrongs which it received from fanatical barbarians. The Greeks, with all their superstition, are still entire, as a nation, and occupy their native soil. But the ancient Egyptians, who were so fanatical, as to persecute the Jews, are almost extirpated. Their descendants, the Copts, are a mere insignificant tribe. The Roman Catholics, who persecuted the Protestants, have been rendered so feeble, by fanaticism, that they have lost Prussia, England and other important nations, which are more powerful in the earth, than they. The baneful effects of fanaticism, never benefit a people, but only give it a mushroom superiority, which soon degenerates and mingles with its filthy origin.

The citizens of Greece, recovering their liberty, cherish with pride and delight, all the associations of their past history. Their old superstitions appear to ascend from the abyss of ages, like incense from some altar in Elysium. They love to revere Jupiter, and although they read in history, that he was nothing but a primeval king, still they fondly amuse their hearts, with a thousand fanciful conceits, which national flattery suggests. Man-worship in-

trudes into their shrines, and exhibits a countenance, dignified by the sanction of countless years, and almost stamped upon the soul of the Greek.

Mythology, is firmly enrooted in the classic soil; the invasions of man and the convulsions of nature have not entirely eradicated. But what do I say? The Christian poets and orators, in all countries, illustrate the sublime truths of religion and morals, by those deified human passions, the heathen Gods and Goddesses. The school-boy knows the logical application of Jupiter, Mars, Venus, Bacchus and Minerva. The pious Fenelon, the lofty Milton, and the brilliant Shakspear, often mention a mythological name, as a kind of watch-word, calling up a host of associations to fight, in favor of truth. The common use, to which the Gods of fiction, are devoted, strips them of all adorations, and renders them subservient to expression. Byron, calling Napoleon a Prometheus, and Rome a Niobe, destroys the last vestige of superstition, and makes those beings interpreters and commentators. Such, gives a charm to diction, which time has consecrated to the purpose of instruction and delight.

The vestiges of mythology, in Greece, by their use and character, shows, that they are mere historical reminiscences, dating from the times of the earliest invasions of Greece, by foreign tribes. Before the arrival of Cadmus, the Aborigines had been subject to assault, from many nations, East and West of their territory. These foreigners, in their career of conquest, endeavored to occupy the land, but were repelled by the mountaineers of Olympus and other places. After these events, the Phenicians, by a sort of diplomatic influence, interfered, and placed kings over Greece, somewhat in the manner, that, after the late Revolution, the Christian powers, forced Greece to obey the Bavarian Prince, Otho. But the heroic actions of Marco Bozzaris, Canaris and Karaiscakis, are celebrated throughout the civilized world. Public hymns, to their praise, are often sung by the choirs of the people, in their festal processions. These verses are probably similar to the eulogy, lavished on the aboriginal heroes, who held their counsels on Mt. Olympus, and rescued the land from the enemy. There could not be a more apt coincidence, of place and circumstance, than that of the old Gods, and present Clepts.

Such a supposition must be true, otherwise, we cannot account for the difference between Greek Mythology, and Egyptian Theogony. The former is founded on simple

superstition, in its early state. But the latter is full of a thousand offsprings of fanaticism, dogmatic notions of the priestcraft, overwhelming the nation with absurd and expensive rites, especially that disposition of the tomb, the Pyramids, the costly embalming, and the persecution of those, who believed differently, on religion.

The Egyptians, in their dogmatic stiffness, destroyed all the charm of fiction. The Greeks, by their poetic superstitions, defeated the fanatical effect of the Pagan creed, and when the elegant sculptor delineated the imagery of Homer, by marble and other materials, all the armies of Pharaoh could not have made the Greeks bow down, before the uncouth and massive stocks and stones of Egypt. The master-piece of Phidias, enlightened the taste, gave the passions a reflective turn; reduced the most angry look of Jove to a dignified frown, and thereby taught mankind to restrain their feelings, within the bounds of social decorum. But what sort of instruction could one obtain from the countenance of an Egyptian idol, all devoid of expression, forever torpid, unmeaning, stupid and rigid. Man is a creature of imitation, and who can wonder that the Egyptians, beholding their tasteless, inexorable deities, often distorted or disfigured, were at last rendered the most fanatical race of antiquity? Let the poor Jews, whom they enslaved, answer through the wounds which are not yet cured.

The word, superstition, as applied to fiction, is not always just. The populace often promulgate or repeat a fabulous relation, merely for its amusing and ludicrous character, or perhaps for its beauty. The name of Robinson Crusoe, and his man Friday, are strictly Mythological beings, often quoted in English conversation; but no one ventures to call this an indication of superstition. Among the modern Greeks, are a host of discredited traditions, concerning Alexander the Great and some of the Christian Martyrs; the former of which are perused for entertainment, and the latter, mostly through piety or credulity.

## CHAPTER VIII.

## RELICS OF GRECIAN ARCHITECTURE. \*

The relics of Grecian architecture, not only cover Greece, with traces of the cunning wormanship of the Doric, Ionic and Corinthian order, but also break the limits of their territory and mingle their delicate beauty, with the strong majesty of the remnants of those Cyclopiian performances of the gigantic-minded Egyptians. The pyramid and the obelisk, were accompanied by the columns and arches, interspersed, by the Macedonian empire, around their mountain-like magnificence. The Sphynxes and Mausoleums, of the *huge* primeval art, stood near the elegant statues and representations of a more recent and poetic imagination, which resemble enamoured beings of a refined taste. The very tombs of the old Egyptians, were sprinkled with flowers of the Greek talent. The desert smiled and blossomed like the rose, with an Oasis of the temples of Hellenic glory.

Not Egypt alone, under the Ptolemies, felt the enlivening touch of the Greek chisel, to confer attractions, which produce a garden of architecture and enchant the monotonous field of the Egyptian granite blocks, and

“Those temples, palaces, and piles stupendous,  
Of which the very ruins are tremendous;”

but other countries, buried in the *gloomy* depths of barbarism, with inhabitants, once residing in caves, and beneath the natural colonade of the trees, roaming as living statues of the graceful sons of the forest, were brought to *light* by the Grecian architect. The axe, leveled the oak, the cedar and the palm-tree; the spade, opened the bosom of the mountain, and wrested from the heart of earth, the enduring rock, revealing, in fair models, the hidden emotions of the Eternal Architect of the universe; carving the adamantine foundations of our globe into spiritual emblems and moral insignia; making the creative power itself, an attribute of man, in a more humble sense, and vocal with devotional aspirations to God, in a sincere, though unchristianised temple.

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\* The above lecture was delivered in 1843, before the New York Mechanics' Institute, by the author, which we insert in this work, as it treats on a subject, allied to Mythology.



The rocky parts of Arabia, cursed with dire destruction, by prophetic wrath, glowed, for a season, with the fruits of Grecian skill. But, alas! the lion and the tiger, now accustomed themselves to inhabit the most beautiful temples of art. The wild and rapacious Bedouin, reposes beneath the shadow of Grecian splendor, and *sleeps*, dreaming of murder and rapine.

The countries of the Phenician, the Jew and the Canaanite, scarcely display a single relic of Tyrian and Hebrew architecture; yet in that land, where the Divine judgment of vengeance, has obliterated their traces, we still view enormous remains of Palmyra, Balbec and other places, with labyrinthic expanses of the classic architecture. Moses, the champion of the idea of one God, has left an indelible impression on the religious conscience of man, and the altar of God, and an imperishable memento of the truth of religion. But the chisel of Phidias and his pupils, animated the brow of nature, giving youth and vigor to the decrepid and wrinkled world, and rearing the marble verdure of the mind, in those recesses of Lebanon, and plains of Syria, where flowers and grass are scorched by war and devastation. The Israelitish lawgiver, truly, had a lofty, Godlike mission, which mortals can only behold, as through a glass darkly; but the teachings, introduced by the Hellenic founder of pure sculpture, are addressed to the natural eye, to refine the taste. Thus, Judea has converted the *heart* of mankind, through prophecy and Revelation; while Greece has awakened refinement.

Let us quit the kingdom of Seleucus, and hasten to Asia Minor, that lovely ground, once glittering with the Lydian wealth of Cræsus, the scattered booty of the routed Persians, and behold the traces of Hellenic architecture, over its entire bosom, from the Ægean sea, to the boundary of Armenia. The mountains frown with dismembered temples and demolished castles; the broken columns cover the soil, rising from the surface, like an artificial *harvest* of ages, whose gleanings are not yet entirely gathered, by the untold myriads of rapacious warriors, who have poured in, from Europe, Asia and Africa. At this moment, the foreign antiquarians, in Asia Minor, are buying from the Mohammedan, the very rubbish of these monuments, which have been plundered in almost every century, by uncounted armies of Persians, Goths, Gauls, Romans, Saracens, Crusaders, and the worst of all, the tasteless Turks. That scene of Xenophon's brave retreat, has been ravaged by the concentrated fury of universal war. The thunderclouds

of conquest, from Tartary and Europe, have met at Mt. Taurus, and gazed at each other, in a wild suspense of trembling madness; the collision followed, and the crash and shout made earth shudder. The tomb of Christ, for whom the *carnal* warriors closed, was opened, and the lingering spirit fled to heaven, leaving the scene of fanatical strife; for the *still small voice*, could not be heard, either in the earthquake, the fire or the tempest. Nothing but the calm of peace can make the celestial accents audible.

The deluge of ambition and bigoted ruin subsided; the sky cleared up; and the antiquarians examined the smoking land, steaming with the blood of empires. The population was gone, and the habitations of mankind obliterated; but above the general wreck of humanity and society, we still behold the persevering columns and porticoes, some erect, others fallen, and others tottering upon the verge of overthrow or extinction. Asia Minor has also been a passive subject of the awful convulsions of nature; hundreds of cities have, in one earthquake, crumbled or sunk. God has accomplished more than man, in hurling into oblivion, the works of Grecian architect. Nevertheless, that suffering land, from the Black Sea to the Mediterranean, retains a large number of interesting remnants, which invite many a traveller to expend a fortune, in looking upon the arena of the most fanatical conflicts of the world. Let us quit the unjustly slaughtered communities of this part of Asia, and proceed to the location of the throne of the justly immolated mistress of the world, "the lone mother of dead Empires." Leaping across Ionia, the Grecian Isles and the Peloponnesus, we alight upon Italy.

The ashes of Rome, were cast in the eyes of her dependents, without scarcely a tangible relic, on foreign shores, to testify that she ever existed. In her own bosom, the most thrilling vestige is the Colossæum, or Flavian Amphitheatre, which reminds us of the public murders, such as no other nation, ever had the corruption and wickedness to exhibit, for amusement. The wounded and dying Gladiator, writhing in agony, stands petrified, above the ruins, and cries with a grasp, "I die a martyr to Rome's heartlessness; my statue shall proclaim her bloody sport, when every other trace is gone!" The mistress of the world has indeed, cast upon mankind, her ashes, from the volcano of ambition, overwhelming thrones and empires, in one dread catastrophe; yet, the terrible eruption could not swallow up the noble form of that neighbor, who gave her the elements of refinement, but was repaid with ungrateful

tyranny. Stand upon sepulchral Italy, and behold the relics of Hellenic Architecture, from an epoch,

“Ere Romulus and Remus had been suckled.”

Look at the ruins of Paestum, with her temple of Neptune, and a host of Colonades and the walls, which mournfully smile at human retribution. Descend beneath the ashes of our globe, which Vesuvius has heaped, upon the dust of ages; enter the bosom of monumental decay, and you will be enraptured with a fresh view of the Grecian-founded city of Herculaneum, sunk beneath an adamantine veil of lava, and at last, brought to partial resurrection, glowing with pictured scenes of antiquity.

Rome, left with her dying breath, a pestilential infection, cursing the earth with the disease of ambition and rapacity, as her only legacy to futurity; but Greece, through the means of her conquerer, Alexander the Great, diffused the Apollonic beams of refinement, which have not ceased to enlighten distant nations. Even under the Romans, who employed her architects alone, she softened the influence of their inhuman spirit on other nations; and at last succeeded in making her own Byzantium, independent and superior, whence was dispensed the Christian policy, which civilized and matured the modern European powers.

The seeds of Grecian intellect, have been thrown upon the very rock, and there, they spring up and generate sculptured fruit. These marble gems are transplanted by other hands, and sent like the divine amaranth, to flourish with unwithering bloom, even in America.

Quit the remains of Grecian architecture, abroad, and hasten to the classic seat, whence emanated the taste and genius, which now rule triumphantly in the world. We imagine ourselves, at Athens, the centre of art and science. Behold the temples of Minerva, standing upon a hill, and rising precipitously, like a natural altar, several hundred feet above the plain. On that height is the Parthenon and the two other more ancient temples of Minerva, called the *Erechtheum*, together with the shrine dedicated to Victory. There remains still several *Cariatides*, or Female Statues, used, as columns, which have bravely resisted the cruel hand of war and all-destroying Time. The numerous Bas-reliefs, are objects of historical interest, as they represent the contest of the Greeks and Persians, at the Marathon. They survived the vicissitudes of time, but they are marred, and defaced by the explosion of bomb-shells, and powder magazines, and by the sacrilegious hands of travellers;

still, even now, are capable of affording instruction to the Sculptor. Here Minerva, having conquered Neptune, placed her throne of wisdom and industry.\* Although her temple has been polluted and dishonored by invasion, she resumes it with new lustre, as the universal mistress of the mind, superior to the devotees of conquest, who have inflicted their impious rage upon her native city, and her descendants. The studious traveller, visits that spot, and looks with regret at the marks of barbarous violation, on the object of peaceful devotion. The statesman beholds, from this height, the few remaining columns, below the Acropolis, which point to the location of the *Bouleuterion*, or Council Chamber, where the Senate of the five hundred, discussed measures, that were to be submitted to the consideration of the orators of the Pnyx. The theologian, viewing Mars' Hill, turns his meditation upon the unknown God, whom Paul, the great apostle of the Gentiles, asserted, as ignorantly worshipped; and, by denouncing their superstition, he reflected a celestial brilliancy upon the true idea of Minerva, whose altar he virtually accused them of having polluted with Idolatry.

The tradesman, beholds beneath the Citadel, a few columns, which mark the locality of the Agora, or market place. The soldier, sees, at a more remote point, the temple of Theseus, the hero of Athens, presenting the only shrine of a champion, which arises from the dust of centuries, as well preserved as the temples of the Gods. This structure and the temple of Apollo, in Arcadia, are the most entire specimens of Grecian art, on the classic soil. This latter shrine, was anciently, the most magnificent in the Peloponnesus. It is remarkable, that this temple was erected at the expense of only one small village, in a situation on the mountains, where the crags and precipices render it almost inaccessible. Scarcely any pilgrims, would have visited such a remote shrine, merely to patronize the priesthood. This fane was intended solely, as a testimony of gratitude to the Deity. Apollo, (the God of Pestilence,) was devastating the cities of Greece, but spared the village of Bassæ, which, subsequently, through pious remembrance, erected this temple to Apollo, Epicurius, or the Helper.

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\*This mythos, (fable,) in my opinion, signifies political change, viz: that the Goddess of Wisdom, Peace, Industry and Harmony, gained a majority of votes or opinions over the world seeking Neptune, the depopulator of cities, the neglecter of agriculture, home-industry, etc. etc.

In Rome, the opposite passion existed; the Gods were tempted to pity, by the building of her first theatre, during a raging pestilence, to appease their anger. Before the dark ages, and under the Byzantine emperors, many monasteries and churches were constructed, by private and public personages, in grateful acknowledgment to Christ, the Virgin, or some favorite Saint, for deliverance, from threatened ruin or imminent peril. Constantine, the monarch, from a similar motive, placed a monastery on the island of Scio.

We return to the topography of Athens. East of the Acropolis, upon a broad natural platform, near the Ilissus, the celebrated stream of Athenian song, we see sixteen remaining gigantic pillars of the temple of Olympian Jupiter, the largest which was ever erected, in honor of that Deity. The Corinthian relic of Pentelic marble, preserving a gay aspect of crumbling elegance, greets, with its light amaranthine capitals, the elevated point in the distance, where the grave and solemn Doric columns of Pallas, gaze upon it, from the Acropolis.

In the immense interior space of the Partheon, stands a dwarfish-looking, Turkish mosque, that shrinkingly rears its dome, being surrounded by the formidable Greek pillars. They frown upon the Ishmaelite intruder, and seem to guard the representative of Islamism from the chance of escape. The infatuation of its stepping into Minerva's precincts, exhibits a most ludicrous coincidence. It seems, that the seeds of Ignorance had been born simultaneously, with the immortal Goddess, from the brain of Jove. The deluded, vainglorious devotee of the prophet, who placed the symbol of Mohammed, in the Parthenon, brought his fanatical religion, into such audacious contrast, with Athena's wisdom, that a man of good taste, regards it as the climax of the sublime with the ridiculous!

Other points, in the Athenian topography, belong to the guide-book; we, therefore, return to the subject of Athenian Architecture. What is the impression left upon the mind, by the mouldering prospect of sculptured grandeur? What response does the modern Telemachus give to the solemn voice that breathes from

"The silent pillar, lone and gray,"

which, like a sage Mentor, from ages of care-worn experience, stands before the admiring voyager, and warns him, with virtuous counsel, to beware of temptation, and return to his expectant home? The lips of intellectual purity,

spontaneously utter an obedient reply of pious resolve. One remnant alone, betokens the mental work of the architect, just as a single bone informs the naturalist, of the Divine Author, of the reasoning mortal, who is fearfully and wonderfully made. Belligerent intruders, have left bloody traces to deface the moral sublimity of the monumental structures; but in spite of the vices of earth, the idea of unsophisticated genius, is without a blemish.

The Grecian monuments have been chiefly injured by the modern instruments of warfare. Powder and ball are death to the peaceful arts. The invention of artillery has revealed, through science, a process, by which art becomes its own destroyer. A volcanic principle seems, to have entered the very nature of mechanical knowledge; when we observe the devastation caused on its own form, we could justly and reasonably imagine, that Apollo is committing *suicide*. The very columns of his temple shudder under the attacks of the cannon, that creeping pillar of ruin, and rival of Jove's thunderbolt. The Olympian Deities, have cause to be jealous of the modern Titans, who threaten to scale the celestial ramparts.

Napolean, the leader of the modern giants, who have assailed the heavenly attributes, pursued his impious career to an imaginary triumph and final victory; like a new Prometheus, he snatched a portion of the inspiring fire, of the superior demons, but for his audacity, suffered a similar fate; and was bound to a barren rock, in the midst of the ocean, where vultures of care and disappointed ambition, preyed upon his heart, until the hour of death.

It is deplorable, that powder has been allied, with the Turks in undermining the Grecian structures. Invention, in her most terrible form, has assisted the barbarians, and strengthened the nerve of ignorance, to overthrow the works of civilization and refinement. But the epoch of danger is past. Minerva is regaining her sons and dominions.

“ The Flag of Freedom floats once more  
Around the lofty Parthenon.  
It waves, as waved the palm of yore,  
In days departed long and gone.”

The corresponding stain of the slave and the tyrant, has been washed away. The traces of sculptured architecture, inspired the present Greek with the same patriotism, and love, which the ancients felt for the Godlike attributes therein portrayed. One mighty change for the better, is

combined with them. I allude to the change of heart, introduced by Christianity. The noble, dignified and beautiful architecture, is no longer polluted by the low homage of grovelling Idolatry. The minister of the Gospel, admires and praises the taste, and cherishes no apprehension of terror and retribution from a statue or a temple. The monstrosities of Egypt, Phenicia and Rome, are banished. There is nothing in a mere material *thing* to excite corruption, for, "to the pure, all *things* are pure." The association, which arose from the primeval worship of stocks and stones, is obliterated; and we look upon the statues of the Olympian Deities, with the same cool and fearless love, with which, the Jews, at the Temple, beheld the material images of the Cherubim and Seraphim. Moses, by these figures, merely intended to afford tangible emblems of a superior nature, not for adoration, but for the sake of instructing the mind.

Minerva, is truly, an unknown Divinity to the wicked and superstitious devotee, regardless of the Sovereign Lord of the Universe; but when a true Christian reflects upon Minerva, he thinks of nothing but wisdom and industry. He shapes in his mind, a symbol of the immortal form, and to gratify the natural eye, fashions a statue. The figure stands, as a token of love, to wisdom, the boast of King Solomon. The Bible tells us to strive to possess this heavenly virtue, "for she is thy life." Such inspiration is not from the speculating sagacity of a worldly mind, but from an attribute of purity.

The religion of Christ, has been substituted for that of the Egyptians. The Greek believers, in one God, are no longer tempted by an ambitious stranger-king, like Cecrops, to worship stocks and stones. No! the high-priest of the dispensation of Jesus, at the old Temple of Theseus, starting from the portal, invoked the blessing of God upon the arrival of the present sovereign, Otho. In that shrine, where the hero of Athens received adoration, the Gospel is now echoed, to the followers of the teachings of that St. Paul, whose illuminating piety was counted by their forefathers as *folly*.

A nation, which follows art, affords the freshest, most enlivening and original symbols of the divine nature. Some of the most beautiful Biblical illustrations, are drawn from art; for example, comparing the pious devotee to a "pillar of the temple of our God;" and to "living images of holiness." Thus, in the sacred word of prophecy and revelation, art is encouraged for its emblematical virtue.

Judea, has given birth to pure devotion; Greece, originated pure genius. Moses, has taught us the wonderful works of God; Phidias has, in a more humble sphere, informed us, by his chisellings, the performances of which mortals are capable. There is no doubt that Phidias wept, on finishing his statues, that he had not the power of infusing real life into his work. But who can tell, what would have been the consequences? Would not this prince of sculpture, have trembled under the exercise of such divine ability, had it been granted him? Who can tell the sensations of his intellect, when, plunged in exstasic rapture, his chisel was following the immortal form, which he saw in his brain?

In those times, Architecture was so closely associated with Sculpture, Bas-relief and Painting, that they were very rarely separated. No Architecture was perfect, without these appendages. This idea of the art, was attained only by the Greek architect. The classic taste used these embellishments to destroy the monotony of regular forms; so that the very groves were peopled by statues; the rocks were crowned with colossal and Equestrian forms; the barren promontory, instead of the plain light-house, had a graceful temple, where the priesthood held the torch, to guide the adventurous mariner abroad, and usher him back, with a cheering glare, to the welcome hearth again. On heights, where the Romans erected frowning castles, the Greeks raised a peaceful shrine, making a celestial city of the Muses and Graces, on the savage cliff. The streets of the busy mart, and the very wharf and the Forum, were diversified, by bronze and marble figures, of men, animals and chimæras.

The presence of such attractions, rendered Athens the centre of the rambles of the merchant and tourist. There can be no doubt, that the public treasury expended on such ornament, was amply repaid by the influx of wealthy visitors from abroad, burning with curiosity, to behold the harmony of art and nature.

Let me suggest to your attention, the ancient appearance of only one point, the Acropolis of Athens. Standing on the plain, you proceed toward the Hill, upon which, you could observe, from a distance, the magnificence of the classic taste, attractive even in its exterior. There were stationed the three temples of Minerva, which crown the height. Casting your eye above them, you would perceive, not a steeple, but a Colossal statue of Pallas, appearing to stand in the sky, with her ægis and spear, to defend her people,



and her monuments. The mariner, doubling the promontory of Sunium, first beheld his favorite Goddess, victorious over Neptune, and standing in the air, to receive his returning devotion, or his departing prayer, when trade should send him again upon the angry wave. On lowering your vision, below her image, you would reach the roof of the temple, lined with files of statues, which are stationed on the very verge. There you might behold the front, peopled with a world of figures, in bas-relief, which being accompanied by the statues, at the same elevated point, look like an upper city, created from the sculptor's brain. Bring your sight still below these, and you would see a forest of pillars, interspersed with statues, and two colossal equestrian figures; besides, two other, small temples, with their appendages. Gaze farther down, until you come to the broad steps of the central temple, and then you see the living crowds of devotees, in procession, swarming like bees, around the gigantic hive of wisdom and industry. Cast your gaze farther down, and view a host of temples, olive-trees and vegetation, precipices and slopes, until your eye alights upon the world of statues, like steeples, or rather like sentinels, on the tops of the temples and palaces of the plain, below. Look back again, and take a general survey of the lofty Hill, which appears to stand, like some gigantic female beauty, begirt with olive-groves and shrines, wearing a necklace of statues, and crowned with a diadem of temples, surmounted with a colossal statue for a plume.

Such is a mere general sketch, of the simple exterior, of one solitary point of Athens; but the interior beauties of the sacred hill, would require volumes to describe. Not only have the ablest critics, called this single point, the best school of architecture in the world, but also, the noblest Museum of sculpture and the richest gallery of painting.

We must pass over, in silence, the city, below this hill, extending for miles with uninterrupted splendor, to the mountain and the sea. Time forbids our noticing, by name, the worlds of ornamented architecture, for two hundred miles, over mountain, valley, crag and glen. The magnificence of Greece, was not alone; for her colonies equalled her. There was Ionia, the Isles of the Ægean and the coast of Asia. The colossal statue of Rhodes, the Mausoleum of Halicarnassus, the Altar at Delos, and the temple of Ephesus, were called four of the seven wonders of the world. Alas! this paradise of architecture, this

labyrinth of beauty, was too delicate and fascinating to resist the jealousy and rapacity of the belligerent world. The demons of Roman ambition, gave the first blow to the cruel torture, which so many ages and races have unjustly inflicted, upon the mother of art and science.

The soul of the true philanthropist, reels under the recital of the horrible scenes of infernal passion, which laid waste this garden of refinement. The pious devotee of Christ, sheds a tear of sorrow, at such a terrible fall of man; and understands, why his Divine Savior, wrung from his heart, those tears of blood, in the garden of Gethsemane. The Roman power was preparing, to give the deathblow to art, until not one stone should be left upon another, which should not be thrown down. The prophecy has been more than fulfilled by the Romans and their descendants, and the whole world, sympathises with the exiled Jew and the tyrannized Greek.

But are the temples of Greece lost? No! They live in history; they enchant the reader and observer, as creations of the present moment; the critic has found the means, of making models of their form, nearly as exact, as if we were transported back to the originals. The remnants of the classic soil, and elsewhere, confirm our calculations. We can even now, trace the whole art of ancient architecture, and, if we wish, create a similar earthly paradise of social and national refinement. Coëval with this loss, the sufferings of the Greeks have taught them that they must place no dependence on the false friendship of barbarians. By trusting more to foreigners, than to one another, they were invaded, insulted and destroyed. Their destructive principle, was discord and disunion; the fatal effects of which, they read upon the face of their common country. Such dire lessons, elucidated by education, will teach them forever, hereafter, to be united and independent. This was the benefit of their monumental rubbish, to awaken a purer spirit of patriotism, between all the communities of my fellow countrymen; a patriotism, more general than even antiquity could boast.

Henceforth, Greece, will set a new example to the world, of combining all the patriotic emotions of her sons, with the new-born creations of sculpture. But there is an interval, between ancient Greece and the present century, which displays a different style of genius, a wholly novel taste; a modern tide of art, which has not been less multiform, than the old and probably, far more widely diffused. I refer to the epoch, when Greece became independent of

Rome, when Byzantium, the conquest of Roman treachery, at last, placed her feet into the sandals of her rival; and established herself as the capital of an eastern empire, founded upon the ashes of dead Rome. The Greek, was now no longer a subject of plunder, from the west. He received Constantine to his borders, with the same willingness with which he had formerly accepted Phenician and Egyptian kings. He cared not, if his monarch was a foreigner, considering the immense imperial inheritance, which he brought along with him. From Constantine, to the last sovereign of the Greek Empire, is a period of more than eleven centuries, ending in the year 1453, when Constantinople fell under the sway of Turkey. This long period, of the modern Greek throne, presents a wide field of architecture; but the character of art, is changed; statues and bas-reliefs are condemned, as idols of superstition.

The Iconoclastes\* are going about with Christian zeal, breaking the most beautiful statues, and seeking to obliterate every trace of the heathen spirit. The classic taste and genius, are dead and gone. Another style and order of architecture, is arising from the pure and simple source of the Christian laborers, in the vineyard of the Lord. During this period, the old world is all built over again, by Greek mechanics and architects. From Great Britain to Russia, and from Abyssinia to Persia, the Christian Greek architects, in numberless companies, wander from city to city, building monasteries and churches, for the new religion.

In the twelfth century, they took other nations into their bands, or societies, and taught them, in the same art; and from this system of companionship, between the Greek and the foreigner, arose the society of Free Masons, who, at first, were only builders, mechanics and architects.

Alas! Greece, again, must fall, not so much by discord, as by the concentrated powers of Chistendom and Islamism. The fanatical and impious crusaders, pretending to rescue the tomb of Christ, have laid waste all the eastern provinces of the Greek empire, not only destroying Architecture, but the very libraries, to satisfy their fanatical rage. They plunder Constantinople, and burn a great part of the city. All Greece and her islands, were devoted to a devastating warfare. Next, come the Saracens and lay waste Egypt, Syria, and Asia Minor; in one war, they burned four thousand Greek churches. Lastly, advanced the

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\* From *eikon*, picture or image, and *clao*, to break.

Turks, and completed the destruction which the Christians of western Europe had commenced. But the second taste and genius of Grecian Architecture, has not perished. The Saracens and the Crusaders, have been solving the great riddle, of the modern Sphinx; they have unravelled the Grecian art, by tearing the edifice in pieces. As the school boy, works out a puzzle, so the Crusaders and the Saracens had obtained an idea of the modern Greek taste and genius. On this account, the new Greek Architecture, bears the horrible titles of the Gothic and Saracen order. What a contrast in the words, with the Ionic and the Doric! However, it is well that a barbarous epithet is applied to those orders, which the Greeks added subsequent to the classic, for other countries; for the Gothic and Saracen do not appear so well in the Grecian climate, as the ancient style. These orders properly belong to those countries, whose climate is rude and injurious; for they are so gloomy and sad, in their features, that the inclemency of the weather, would not disturb their melancholy appearance.

Some persons, may wonder, why the Greeks disseminated such fantastic orders, in modern times. The reason arose from the absence of statues. In order to break the monotony, enforced by religion, it was necessary to employ a thousand curious and labyrinthic variations, of angle and curve, point and crevice, in a manner excitable to the imagination. This is enough to prove that the Gothic and Saracen, suggested, probably, by the Persian style, were used, not so much from a desire to imitate nature, as from a superstitious idea, that a statue is sinful. The idea of the sinfulness of graven images, was adopted by the Roman Catholics. We find, among them, a great many well-preserved works of Phidias, Lysippus and others, which have been kept, with scrupulous care; yet most of them, are used to represent a Saint, instead of the heathen Deity, whom they formerly portrayed. It is astonishing that they have combined the Gothic and Saracen taste, with their Architecture. Still, at the present day, there is a reaction in favor of the classic taste.

The Saracen order, pierces the sky, with minarets, sticking, like needles, into the azure. The eye is pained, with such a sight. The Gothic order, transformed into other, minor orders, admits of many styles. The churches of Europe and America, generally, have a steeple, pointing, like a finger, and, as many poets observe, they seem to direct us in the way to heaven. This idea is beautiful!

Some say, that the Gothic order, bears an analogy to the

leaves and branches of the forest; but this resemblance is too remote to appear probable. A German rhapsodist, calls it a Petrified Religion. This is not the true explanation; the only answer to the origin of these modern forms, lies in the absence of statues and bas-reliefs. Such was their first cause, among the Greeks; but, at the present day, the Europeans introduce statues, bas-reliefs and paintings, into all orders, old and new, without distinction.

In Greece and Russia, pictures only are admitted; while in the Mohammedan mosques, not even a painting is allowed; a portrait cannot appear anywhere; but landscapes are often painted on the outside. In the eye of a Turk, a portrait, is an idol and an artist—an idolater. He looks on some Christians, as plunged in the depth of superstition. Such is the difference of taste created by barbarism and fanaticism.

The Egyptian style is often imitated, but no nation, can equal Egypt, in the grandeur of pyramids, labyrinths, sphynxes, and monolithic\* temples. There can be no objection to the mingling of styles; we wonder why the Indian Architecture, of Central America, has not been added to modern buildings. It is a novel kind, though perhaps more ancient than any other.

Enough has been said, on the barbarous orders. The emotions which they excite, when bereft of statues and paintings, are wonderful, but melancholy. Let us, therefore, return to the classic taste—that good-natured style, which entertains the mind. What has made Italy the centre of Architectural attractions, in modern times? It is the system of introducing statues and paintings into the magnificent churches and cathedrals. Look at the works of the classic-minded, Michael Angelo. What a world of charms do we meet in the interior of St. Peter, at Rome? We can justly eulogise the Pope himself, for such patronage. Raphael also, immortalised the Cardinal, who encouraged his genius.

We cannot particularize, respecting the classic sons of Italy, for *we* look there after Greek remnants. There we find Apollo, Venus, Laocoon and other ancient productions, which the Italians rescued from oblivion. We almost forgive the Crusaders, when we see the reverence, displayed by their descendants, to their Hellenic masters. The traveller, in Rome and Florence, seeks the Grecian remnants first, and then feels satisfied of having seen them, with his

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\* From *monos*, single and *lithos*, stone.

own eyes. What do I say? The Grecian relics of sculpture, are snatched at by empires.

The hope of the Genoese, in subduing Venice, was to bridle the Grecian bronze steeds, by Lysippus, called the horses of St. Mark. Napoleon carried them to Paris; but Venice afterwards regained them. Europe is improving, under the revival of the classic taste. The progress of the sciences, has not yet restored all the lost arts of Egypt, but proper patronage may accomplish, what is left undone.

The present epoch, displays a tendency to reject the superstitious notion, that statues are idolatrous. The Greeks, Russians and even the Protestants, who formerly despised them, now regard them as proper and useful, in the national edifices; although they exclude them from the temple of Christ. But should the temples of God be neglected by ornaments? Should not the hand of the artist and the sculptor, find some use for the excellent quarries of marble?

I appeal not only to genius, but also to ingenuity and industry. The mechanic and the laborer, have an interest in the universal adoption of the Classic Architecture, which brings into exercise a greater variety of talent than any other order. It is the most intelligible and natural. What is more true to nature, than to copy her forms with exactness, softened by mathematical symmetry, avoiding a servile imitation? The representation of all animals, down to the insect grasshopper, was made by the Athenians. The earth, scarcely produced an original, of which the Architectural walls, did not exhibit a copy.

The hostility to statues, in Biblical representations, in marble, is so great among some sects, especially the Protestant and my own countrymen, that a few words must be remarked on their utility.

Idolatry is a baneful, impious and unpardonable insult to the Divine Dispenser of good; but let us assert that architecture, combined with other arts, is one of the greatest preserving resources of a nation. The preservation of the Greeks, till the present day, is to be looked for, in their peculiar taste and genius, which has, in modern times, through such reputation alone, secured the alliance of France, England and Russia, in their behalf, and have also won the friendship of America. The ancients could not have bequeathed a better inheritance to their descendants, than the remains of their architectural glory. The writings of Homer and Plato, are better appreciated by the study of these monumental traces, on the soil. The Heathen, who are now the majority of the human race, fall down before

stocks and stones, and worships the art of man's device. The Jews were often guilty of this practice, in spite of the prophets, at a time, when the Greeks, anterior to Egyptian colonization, being barbarians, used neither temples nor idols.

At last Cecrops, Cadmus, and the adventurous Orientals, came to Greece, and brought their Gods along with them. The sons of the forest, were invited to accept of the imported stocks and stones, but pay for them. The Greeks revered the men for their Civilization, and received their Paganism.

The ancient Greeks, were, by no means, idolators, after the fashion of the Hindoos and Egyptians. They could not suffer the sight of such monstrous idols, devoid of all symmetry, like some frightful dream, or vision of the nightmare. They laughed at the Frog-shaped creations from abroad; and proceeded to make their own Gods. The competition was brisk; the emulation successful; the artist broke in pieces, the ghastly idols of exotic talent and executed the refined imaginings of his own brain. The other nations, were astonished, and when they visited Athens, it is probable, they exclaimed, that the Greeks had the most beautiful Gods in the world.

Soberly speaking, the Greek sculpture, was not prompted, so much by a blind adoration of matter, as through love of good taste. There were none of the abominable deformities of superstition and ignorance, or any of the shocking thirty thousand Chinese Gods. Who can look at the ten incarnations of the Hindoo God, Vishnu, without disgust?

The Greek sculpture, was not confined to the temple. It must be borne in the mind of every candid investigator, that the Greeks were patrons of mere taste—not superstition, as a national trait. For sculpture abandoned the Gods, at times, and was confined to the living representations of poets, orators, statesmen, generals and victors of their games, who were numerous or innumerable; yet each was honored with a statue. Nay, rather, some were honored with a temple. The temples themselves were often employed as Museums, and for other purposes, beside worship. Idolatry was almost swallowed up in genius. When we speak of Greek taste, we cherish not the least idea that idolatry arises from it; but we regard it rather, as the death-blow to idolatry. Although the ignorant class of people prostituted their hearts, often, to mere matter, yet they insensibly contracted high moral lessons.

The Roman Catholics, at the present day, have ornamented religion, with images of saints; but they have not erected many monuments to valor, genius and patriotism. They have no Olympic and Pythian Games, with a thousand victors, who all must have a statue. The Spaniards, not imitating the Greeks, but following the bloody Romans, have invented Bull-Fights, as an apology for Gladiators. Still, such victors are not held up to imitation. For the Roman Catholics, generally, denounce them and only represent their saints and martyrs, those victors in a pious race, who stretch forward to the prize of the high calling that is in Christ Jesus. We do not make these comparisons against any sects; for it is evident on the page of history, that my forefathers originated this art of exciting piety, by introducing the portraits of the first martyrs of Christianity.

Without further argument, we assert that the utility of the classic taste, in architecture, is acknowledged, by the reverence of all modern nations, for its genius. It is the surest process of enriching a state; for it calls into exercise such multiform capacity. The laborer, the mechanic and the artist, all feel an interest in that patronage from government, in erecting public monuments, which like productions of the intellect, render the nation a garden of the most generous fruit.

The two ruined shrines of Minerva, at Ægina, and her fane at Sunium, answer to the tripple temple, on the Athenian Acropolis, and all represent the mutilated members of the Grecian spirit. The very crevices, interstices and fractures, inflicted by the tooth of merciless and ungrateful invasion, are inspired by the zephyr, with a thousand mournful voices, which bewail their lot and supplicate for redress. The artillery of European Alliance, has thundered an earth shaking response, when the English trident struck the shores of Navarino, and the magic touch of gratitude, caused triumphant freedom to spring from the ground and resume her throne. Yet a moral and mental retribution in favor of Athens, is called for, by the wounded remnants of Hellenic genius, which lie in the soul and heart of the modern Greeks. Who will avenge the insult of Minerva's honor? Let the gigantic spirit of western art, which has been nourished by Grecian milk, send back to the Hellenic strand, a memento of its improvement, a token of its melioration, and a certificate of repentant love, in behalf of that people, whose ancestry it devoted to slaughter and devastation. Let the rulers of christendom, restore to Greece the



trophy of their rescue from barbarism; and give up the standard, the ægis and the spear, by which they overcame the demons of ignorance and superstition. Those immortal insignia belong to Minerva.

If they will not surrender the models of civilization, let them, at least, erect a statue of Pallas, upon the Alps, to commemorate their appreciation of the attributes of wisdom and industry. Let America, also, honor this Goddess. Let her place a statue upon the highest summit of the Alleghanies, to celebrate her democratic prototypes.

If this cannot be done, let then, justice and gratitude return to the classic soil, and erect another Palladium. The Greeks will hail, with extatic rejoicings, the reappearance of those celestial emotions, and assist them in rebuilding their throne. In vain, shall neglect and insult, any longer, hinder Grecian advancement!

A new Phidias, will gild the wounds of the heroes of this latest renovation, of the earliest of the free; and hide the stabs of tyranny, in the marble polish of the master productions of national talent.

# APPENDIX.

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## The Castalian Fount AND THE HELICON SPRING,\* OR A HISTORICAL AND MYTHOLOGICAL LECTURE, IN VINDICATION OF TEMPERANCE.

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PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR THE STUDENTS OF COLLEGES.

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YOUR country, Americans, is the seat of perpetual revolution, in moral and political opinion. A great revolution now shakes this land, from Maine to Louisiana; 'tis that of Temperance, revolting against Strong Drink.

In my tour through the United States, I have been moved with intense emotions of pleasure, to see the ladies' societies, and mens' associations, and the juvenile bands, with waving banners; fathers and mothers, with rejoicing tears in their eyes; and sons and daughters rescued from the enemy of domestic peace, and of a tranquil conscience, leading the triumph of the reformed. These displays, of a mighty moral revolution, have incited me to bring from the country of the Castalian Fount and history of my native land, some contributions of opinion on this subject, in order to encourage and promote a struggle, which I shall do all

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\* Delivered before Brown's University, Yale, Brunswick, and Water-ville Colleges, and in behalf of whom, we put it to print.

in my power to advance, and carry back to my country, mementos of American Reforms. While at home, I heard of your incipient efforts in this glorious cause.

This moral and philanthropic contest, reminds us of the temperate ideas of certain ancient Greek philosophical sects, whose temperance was extended, not only to all kinds of food and drink, but also forbade the tongue's intemperance, by enjoining silence. Since my arrival here, I have watched your progress, and witnessed your victories; and joyfully contribute my voice to the final rally and closing struggle, the most difficult of all, to fix the turning point, to prevent relaxation and encourage one another to complete and permanent success.

Solon and Lycurgus, lawgivers of Athens and Sparta, followed temperance principles. I do not pretend to say, that no wine was used, but I remark, how admirably these two principal Greek States accomplished by law, the same object, which you, Americans, are endeavoring to effect by the Washingtonian pledge; a system, which they say, is a Baltimore Improvement upon the first Boston Notion of temperance. The Greeks made temperance a legal thing, but the Americans legalized intemperance, and sold licenses to the barkeeper. It is to be hoped, therefore, that temperance will get licenses also, and the time may not be far, when the drunkard will be punished as a criminal. Certainly, if your republic loves to imitate Grecian laws, this measure may be adopted.

In Athens, the laws condemned to death all intoxicated public officers. In Sparta, only slaves could have permission to be intoxicated, and this was allowed, for the express purpose of showing to the freeman, how mean and ridiculous a sot appears. The Spartans were restricted in all their food as well as drink. The Russian Serfs fare better. The daily nourishment of the Spartans was only, black-broth, a sort of concoction of vegetables; but with this plain diet, they felt more freedom than the proudest nabob, who patronizes Bacchus and looks after all the gastronomic delicacies. Thus, the infancy of Grecian liberty, was raised by temperance, whose laws were enforced and guarded. But all these reformatations were effected six hundred years after the time of Bacchus, who was coeval with Cadmus. What a great excitement must have existed in Greece, at the introduction of sober regulations, after so many ages of the free use of wine. Perhaps the Massachusetts' fifteen gallon law, did not meet with greater ridicule. I doubt not many hard drinkers, or toppers, thought, that the legislators were taking away their rights, and ruining their independence.

The Greeks not only had temperance laws in their days of glory, but also temperance lecturers, who fearlessly addressed the public in the open Forum or Agora.

The highest philosophers were not ashamed to preach sobriety to the populace and the aristocracy, with more freedom than is

realised in Christendom. The philosopher, Xenocrates, in the streets of Athens, preaching temperance in the open day, converted one of the most dissolute citizens, the famous Polemon, who succeeded him as a temperance philosopher, and both of them, together with a host of disciples, confined their taste to cold water, faithfully, until death.

Anaxagoras, also, who made Alexander weep, at the information of there being other inhabited spheres in heaven, which he could not conquer, was a champion of temperance.

Thus America restores many ancient precepts to modern action, and enlightens history, by reviving the past excellent systems of Greece, improved anew, by additional reflection. Your architecture, your spirit of art and science, your liberty, and, lastly, your austere virtues, remind me of home. I meet constantly Grecian objects, which appear to have emigrated hither, although they are the native productions. It is impossible for a Greek, while abroad, to feel home-sick, beholding indications of his country everywhere. You are not like Europe, built up of the spoiliations of Greece, Egypt, India, Mexico and Peru—the fruit of bloody conquest; but you are composed in part of the ideas of Greek philosophy, and render those conceptions your own, without robbery; and wisely add others to them.

The wonderful idea of steam, is indebted, for its practical application, to American talent. This invention is owing more to democratic influence, than to monarchical. It was painful to see the Romans, plundering Greece of her statues and ornaments of art, to adorn Italy, and at the present day, we hear of visits to the Greek remnants of genius, in the Pope's little State. But how highly agreeable it is, to behold America paying her money to the progress of learning and morality, and not pretending to enrich herself by plundering and oppressing other countries!

Such a land as yours, must prosper, in its plans of temperance. The encouragement of this manly virtue, has proved, that the spiritual graces are promoted by the cultivation of those scrupulous laws of private morals, which are too often slighted and despised, as being petty virtues of no consequence. Indeed, I hear, that great religious reformatons, have accompanied the signing of the pledge.

Mirabeau, the great orator of the French revolution, said—*“La grande vertue tue la petite”*—“The great virtues kill the little.” Consequently, he cherished the great political virtues, and destroyed those exemplary little ones, which constitute the national character. If he had rather slain his ambition, and favored the attributes of a good man, combined with his overwhelming talent, his boar's head, as he styled his own ugly one, would not have frightened the people away from virtue, and himself from life; and he could doubtless have raised himself much higher. When the most powerful man in the nation, becomes a debauchee and an infidel, the cause of the high virtues is endangered, as much as

the small. But what should ambition do? It must not destroy virtue, but serve it; for ambition is the wine, or stimulous of action, when fermented by wicked excitement. So wine itself is purest, in the grape, with its artless, unadulterated juice. Friendship is called the wine of life: this means, that friendship's tendrils, entwining around the heart, like a vine, distil a delicious juice. When the grapes are pressed by the teeth, we obtain the sweetest wine that can be procured, entirely free from intoxicating qualities, but full of the liquid which stands for the type of calm and sincere affection. There is a kind of false friendship, which uses flattery, and pretends high and ardent attachment, merely to delude and cheat the credulous, and gain money and assistance from them. This false friendship resembles, indeed, fermented wine, frothing in the process, like the mouth of some loquacious *demagogue* or deceiver, swelling and puffing at the bung-hole, with the high flown and ardent language of bombastic eulogy, to ensnare the ignorant.

True friendship, is the hidden, silent wine, which lies in the grape, unpressed, except by that natural wine-press, which our Creator has given us—the teeth. The wine-press which fills the cask, the bottle and the glass, is an invention of art, unknown in Greece, before the arrival of Bacchus, whom the historians call, son of Cadmus.

The Titans and Pelasgians, the primitive Greeks, used no wine at all; and when Bacchus arrived and endeavored to commence the culture of the vine, he was insulted, and history tells us that his very life was endangered. Afterwards, the natives, beginning to use wine, lost all their antipathy to the vintages, and in the intoxication of ignorance, made Bacchus a Deity.

The progress of art extended with refinement, until the very spirit of wine was distilled to make brandy, which acknowledges itself to be the *civilized or refined Bacchus of our times*. Distill the article to the full extent, we obtain clear alcohol, the deadly enemy of life, and an agent of death. For, being mixed with all kinds of wine and cordials, beyond the standard rate of those drinks, lures the taste from one dram to another, until it ruins the man.

Modern times have gone beyond the grape, and have turned the staff of life—the grain of your fields—that nourishment of the poor—and the juice of the sugar cane, into alcohol. They diminish and clip the staff of prosperity by such abuses; because the price of flour and meal is thereby augmented: the cultivation of the fertile soil, neglected, and the farmers are rendered torpid, indolent and especially careless. Alcohol is evidently the enemy of Ceres, the Goddess of the earth's productions. This divinity has reason to mourn, more than ever, for the loss of her daughter, Proserpine, carried away by Pluto, the God of the interior of the globe, typical of the mines. money or speculation, which assist the infernal King, in burning the Corn, the child of Ceres, and devoting her to the fire of intoxication, the hell of wicked wrath.

Let us then seek to rescue temperance from this abuse, by the light of morality, as Ceres roamed about the earth with a torch, and even descended to Hades, to regain her lost daughter, Proserpine. Wine was forbidden on the altar of this Goddess. This indicates that the farmers, "*the bone and sinew of the land*," must avoid the use of stimulating liquors. But swine, one of the emblems of husbandry, were sacrificed.

Truly, alcohol, resembles the spirit of Beelzebub, and the genuine New England Rum, is, its strongest agent or ambassador. Rum is too prevalent here. It rivals the French, English, and Dutch Cordials, when it is exported to foreign countries. See the anti-vinous Turk falling down before its cheapness, and praising the drink which comes from the nursery of Democracy. Nay, the Turk learns to stagger and reel like a true English toper. The distillery is yet in full action on your shores, and thousands of barrels travel abroad with your Missionaries. What a mixture and amalgamation of sacred and profane. Reflect, that while you are importing Temperance, you are exporting Intoxication. Cargoes of rum and rivers of destruction, quit your shores, and pour a deluge of vice and corruption upon Turkey. Is it proper to permit rum to wander abroad from the home of salvation. Should poison flow from the fountains of morality? What opinion do the followers of Mahommed have of your character. They receive a missionary and a cargo of rum by the same vessel. The missionary pleads the cause of temperance, but the cargo of rum obtains converts by thousands, not to religion, but to the infidelity of the sot. Every friend of temperance ought to exert his influence to stop the exportation of strong drink from your shores—if it is possible to prevent speculation on vice and competition in increasing Turkish misery. The newspapers are bold enough to assert, in most cases, that steam engines burst, and yearly destroy hundreds of lives. Is it not often through the carelessness of an intoxicated engineer? What a contempt of life! Our Maker's gift, is altogether, unappreciated and forgotten. You possess almshouses for the beggarly, poor and the maimed; but why so many murders to get property, or save debts! Why such contention in families! Why such bankruptcy and confusion! You present the view of an immense country, with a comparatively small population, performing great works, without paying attention to your Creator's work, the human frame.

Look at modern Hellas, and see that Grecian love of life, for which they fight to remove that tyranny from their home, in order to cultivate the soil and bless the nation with health, prosperity and learning. The whole nation, though fresh from her bloody revolution, appears healthy, well-dressed and contented, more so, than any other people. They are cultivating the soil with great ardor, and already their islands are green, which formerly were red or black, under the sword and fire of the Turks. This is the fruit of temperance! Formerly, when the Turks ruled, their taxes and insults

prostrated agriculture; but now the sober habits of a few freemen are restoring it.

In my native Isle, a son could not take a glass of wine, before his father. To observe their rigid rules, one would think the genius of antiquity had revived. Wine, though not expressly forbidden, now, by laws, is restricted by conscience, and probably soon, laws may be passed there, to hinder the importation of your rum, if your Temperance Associations should not succeed to give a worthy example. Although wine is to be restricted, we must not make an attack, without reason, against the vine.

Bacchus, who was only a speculating Vintager, from India, where he learned his trade, never foresaw that the abuse of his name would one day become a curse and an affliction to a country "farther west, than our Sires-Islands of the Blest."\* Bacchus, was not so much a wine speculator, as a vine-dresser. His useful services must not be overlooked, nor underrated. For what is more delicious to the taste, than the white grape and the clusters of purple hue? He was a mere man, and let him stand in history for what he deserves: the reputation of furnishing us with at once the most healthy, and the cheapest of all luxuries, the grape, a fruit without aristocracy, not confined to the rich, but daily on the table of the poor; and when dried, cheers with enlivening sweets, the cold and dark regions of the North; and the school-boy and laborer eat raisens.

It is evident, that the intoxication attributed to Bacchus, is a corruption of Mythology; because a vine-dresser cannot succeed in speculation, if he be addicted to drinking, especially when men are threatening his life; and Bacchus was not so much opposed for any evil habit, as for his improvements, as Triptolemus was in danger of being torn in pieces, for introducing the arts of Ceres, or agriculture, one of the prime movers of civilization, which attended the arrival of Cadmus. Moreover, some authors assert, that Bacchus cooperated also, in tilling the ground. Consequently, we must reject those idle fables, introduced by the poets afterwards. It is well known that the primitive inhabitants of Greece, were something like your Indians; a sort of primeval men, or savages, who adore nature and abhor art. The early historians assert, that the mountains were covered with trees, and full of wild beasts: and the Egyptians colonized that country, as the Europeans have America, driving out the aborigines to a certain extent, although it is related they generally amalgamated with the colonists, and in some instances became their slaves.

The Orgies (festivals) of the Bacchanals, were celebrated, only once in three years, and at that time occasional disturbances occurred, from the unrestrained use of wine; yet nothing to be compared with modern times. Thales, one of the Seven Wise Men, remarked, that wine has three injurious effects, Pleasure, Intoxi-

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\* They are supposed to be the Canary Isles.

cation and Madness. A Greek philosopher, was asked, how intoxication could be avoided. He answered, "Look at the drunkard and reflect upon his degradation."

But let us listen to the words of the Father of poetry. His great hero, Achilles, whom he proposes, as an example of his own mind, is not sufficiently appreciated, by the classic scholar, who looks merely at his warlike character. Achilles was more a lover of justice, than of war; and would not contend at all for his country, while the dissolute and effeminate Agamemnon disgraced the success obtained by the moral champions of his cause. He gives to the king of men, with the utmost sarcasm, the stigma of a devotee of wine, by the irritating epithet, *oinobares*, literally meaning, heavy with wine. Throughout the Iliad, the whole conduct of the swift-footed chief, displays a partiality for sobriety, which throws the other leaders into the shade. When he starts for conflict, the warriors entreat him to drink and feast, to gain strength; but he declares that he will neither carouse, nor allow his troops to satisfy, either hunger or thirst. He rushes forward, as the bard says, assisted only by the nectar and ambrosia, instilled into his members, by Minerva, his favorite Goddess, the protectress of temperate action.

The island of Lemnos dispatched a commercial fleet, laden with provisions for the Greeks. Excellent wine, and fine beef, were the principal articles of speculation, and many a cargo of this description, was placed before the easily tempted, besieging army. Achilles depended solely upon the inspiring influence of the Gods, for strength and bravery, despising and condemning the popular notion, that intemperance was an efficient means of conferring energy and firmness.

Not only Achilles, but also Hector, the Trojan hero, is an example of manly sobriety. Being requested by his mother, to quench his thirst with a goblet of wine, he replied: [Iliad vi, 329.]

"Far hence be Bacchus' gifts!  
Inflaming wine, pernicious to mankind,—  
Unnerves the limbs, and dulls the noble mind.  
Let chiefs obtain, and spare the sacred juice  
To sprinkle to the Gods—its better use."

The examples of such men, were a check to this vice, and I am sorry that literary people have a scholastic, or collegiate, habit of tipping glasses and drinking toasts, which they denominate classical. The classic spring, and the fountain of Hellenic taste, was not a wine-bumper, but a spring of fresh, pure and clear cold water, named the Castalian Fount and the Helicon Spring," where the Nine Muses went for inspiration. I know the sacred wave has been neglected by the moderns, for washerwomen use that holy liquid, while cleansing linen. Alas! It is painful to witness the students of many Universities, trying to suck inspiration from a



champaign bottle and declaring it classical; blaspheming, abusing the officers, committing depredations, rolling in dirt and mud and pronouncing all that to be classical and full of genius. Probably, they imagine so, from reading the banquet of the immortal Plato, where Socrates partook. They mistake the metaphorical speech of that philosopher and suppose that their usual discourses, at those symposiums, were similar to the boisterous revels and speechifying of a drinking club in modern times. They do not study deeply enough to get at the true signification. I am very much opposed to the opinion of some persons, who, judging from the behavior of misguided young men, attribute all the evil to the study of Greek poetry. You might as well condemn the religious tracts, and the Bible itself, for exposing intemperance, while you reject the whole Greek classics, merely on account of Anacron, and a few others.

The Greek classics, certainly, stand more free of intemperance, than the English, or any other European literature. I respect the power and versatility of Lord Byron's Muse, and admire his love and sacrifices for my country; but it is shocking to hear revellers, carousing, quote him, and say, "Gin makes poetry." Really, I cannot conceive how a bard could survey Parnassus and Hellicon, with good taste; look at the fountains of Castalian and Hippocrene, where the daughters of Memory, or rather the personified Arts and Sciences, resorted to inhale their inspiration, and then come home and forget that clear cold water, is the only fountain of classic taste. What infatuation—not ignorance, but prejudice, whose eyes, swimming in wild ecstasy, see nothing but their own fancies, or the corrupt notions, of the devotees of dissipation!

Let the academician once make a pilgrimage to the rural and simple residence of Greek letters, and then return and make a crusade against the false ideas of the present age, on the ancients. Take a draught of water—that is the classic drink! Whoever says the contrary, ought to suffer what Minerva inflicted on her enemies; namely, a lusty blow on the head, from the spoke of her sober spinning wheel.

Anacreon, the famous wine and love poet, never made any submissive declarations to the Nine Daughters, of the spring of healthy song, and what was his fate? He was at last choked by swallowing a grape stone, and thus fell a victim to his favorite Deity. But far different was the death of Pindar the great, sublime Olympic Bard of the feats of strength, agility and temperate manly virtues. Anacreon left no legacy of exemplary conduct to his descendants, but the useless paragon of his vicious practices. But Pindar left behind the grave, a reputation of cold water durability, the best wealth that he could bequeath to his descendants. Alexander, the Macedonian king, arose and conquered Thebes, burning it and exterminating the inhabitants; but spared Pindar's house and all his relatives. Having subdued the world, he wept that he had no more worlds to overcome. But that great conquerer, was at

last vanquished, in the bloom of life, by the monster, Intemperance; although his instructor, the famous philosopher, Aristotle, had taught him to revere and honor the man, who sang in the very commencement of an ode,

*"Ariston men hydor."*

"Water is best."

This good idea, was not so well appreciated then, as it is in our days. When Pindar sang, "Water is best," placing it before gold and Apollo's sunbeams, that poet, of course, did not foresee, that modern times, would verify his assertion, by Temperance Associations, which regard water as the best of all beverages. Nay, he did not prophecy, that the same liquid, after two thousand years, would boil so furiously, as to generate high-pressure-steam, in such quantities and with such force, that it becomes a sort of animated monster, docile and useful; obeying man's feeble hand; taking a train of cars and dragging the human race, over broad countries; conquering time itself; making Vulcan blush and Neptune himself astonished; leading steamboats across vast oceans, around our globe; turning villages into cities; rescuing the enterprising sons of the forest from obscurity, and showing them the Panorama of earth and heaven.

But this monster of steam, resembles old Polyphemus, the giant, whom Ulysses threw into a fit of intoxication, in order to put his eyes out and escape with his comrades, from the cave, the Lodgings of Polyphemus. Now if the steam engine is directed by an intoxicated engineer, whom Rum, like a new Ulysses of Alcohol has affected, it becomes a raving, blindly rushing giant, running off the track, or exploding in air and destroying many lives. Such occurrences are not uncommon. On some occasions, a steamboat has been the grave of three hundred souls! Foreigners who read of such accidents, are not very anxious to adopt a monster, which makes war, on the Americans, like some giant of the fabulous age, or some Hercules of iron nerve. Certainly, it looks like war, for the newspapers give a list of the killed and wounded, and generally attributes their fate to Alcoholic negligence or carelessness.

Some say, that wine is so common among the Greeks, that water is never tasted. Wine, indeed, is there, plenty, and great quantities are exported, chiefly to Europe, Asia and Africa; but water is decidedly, as a drink, preferred by the natives.

Although most houses have wells, yet there being a peculiarly agreeable water, in the mountain springs, this pure beverage of nature, is brought in earthen jugs and pitchers, and sold at every city house. This quality is used for drink and the well-water is employed in cookery. Many families never taste a drop of wine, at home or abroad. The clear-water-ladies, are like the nymphs of ancient Greece and the Naiads of her fountains and brooks. They display the same character, as those temperate beings, who, after death, attained a station in Mythology. These Naiads are

backward in receiving the addresses of an intoxicated individual. In Scio, public opinion was so strong against the drunkard, that a sottish suitor, was universally rejected. I remember an anecdote of a young girl, sitting at the window, according to custom, to receive the salutation of her lover. He was awaited, beyond the usual hour, with impatience; and she was hoping soon to see him advancing to her, in all the ardor of true and sincere attachment. Judge of her surprise, when she beheld him, at last, coming, staggering along, covered with dirt, and unable to keep his head erect. She turned about, and asked her mother, what to say; for the Sciote girls are always obliged to be obedient to their mothers, and often let them dictate responses to their suitors. The lover came beneath her window, raised his head, with a convulsive effort, and being unable to prevent it from dropping on his shoulder, he stammered out, in a stupid manner, to her, "I am sleepy;" and then stood, supporting himself against the garden wall. Her mother, behind the window, dictated, and the sweetheart laconically, but sweetly, replied, "Well, go to bed, then." So she closed the window, and left him to his affliction of having lost his fair Caliope.

Wine, truly, is *there*, not very intoxicating, but it injures the blood, in summer, especially, and hinders the cure of a wound, which, if neglected, will mortify the whole body in a few days. Among the most temperate communities, was the island of Scio, where, before her catastrophe, drunkards, caught by the Police, were fined or banished. Children were forbidden by many parents, to pass by the wine shops. Scio, however, was, and is, celebrated for Chian wines, extolled by Virgil and Horace. Nevertheless, the natives think more highly of the Racte Spring, near Mt. Epos, where tradition says, that Homer drank and sang to his lyre. This water is bottled up and sent to the Sultana, at the time when the mastic tribute is forwarded, and a grand procession, with festal rejoicings, accompanies the Homeric drink, to the shore, where it embarks for Constantinople. It is astonishing how the Mohometans, in the days of their temperance, have cherished that spring, for the princesses of the East; and barbarous as they are, do it more justice and show more classic taste, than some Christian merchants, who are now pouring rivers of ardent spirits into the mouths of that ignorant people. The poor Turks, are almost transformed into Europeans, but they are so awkward, about it, that their large ears betray them akin to old Midas, of assinine memory.

The people who adhere strictly to water, there, converse about the qualities of different springs, fountains, aqueducts, wells and clouds, just as an intemperate sot, speaks of various kinds of cordials; Sangaree, Mint Julep, Tom and Jerry, Champaign, Toddy, Gin-Sling, Noyou, Whiskey-Punch, Old Hock, Egg-Nog and other Spirits of darkness.

When the rich, learned and Christian island of Scio, a few

years ago, was devastated, burned and depopulated, by the Turks, some of the ladies of palaces took refuge in caverns, and after the war was over, raised hovels, and pursued various honorable industries. One of the occupations, adopted by many mothers of Scio, was that of transporting water. I am acquainted with mothers of that island, in Greece and Turkey, among Greek communities, who not only get a living, by the cold-water-trade, but educate their children also; thereby conducting them to knowledge, from the classic drink of good taste. You cannot fancy that these ladies are Bacchantes; for intoxication is hostile to learning; the drunkard will sooner pay the bar-keeper than the teacher. In my country, if a traveller should chance to see one Grecian man drunk, in a thousand, he would never see a Grecian matron, suffering from the free use of wine, or even exhibiting any signs of it. These dames of Scio, resemble cold water angels, with cherub like daughters, once in rags, on account of Turkish tyranny, but at last buying a neat dress, with the waves of temperance.\* Some of those old ladies, totter to the brink of the grave, with a jug of pure water on their shoulder. When the toper sees them, he should be ashamed to stagger to death, with a rum-bottle in his pocket.

On one of the Grecian temples, was the inscription,

*"Meden Agan."* Be temperate.

Many Europeans, professing to be refined, are often caught intoxicated in the cities of Turkey and Greece, setting a bad example and making fools of themselves. Such are the undignified visits, that European personages often make, and in their sotishness, sometimes fight and do damage. On festal days, an exhibition is made by Mariners, from the European fleets, on a grander and more disgusting scale than usual.

The sons of Neptune, in numerous bands, engage horses and mules, and in the heat of a strong dram of liquor, ride through

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\* The Grecian and Roman women, in ancient times, were strictly forbidden to use wine, or even to have in their possession, the key of any place where it was kept. For either of these faults, they were liable to be divorced by their husbands. So careful were the Romans in restraining their women from wine, that they are supposed to have first introduced the custom, of saluting their female friends and relatives, on entering their houses, that they might discover by their breath, whether they had tasted any, of that liquor. This strictness, however, began, in time, to be relaxed, until at last luxury becoming too strong for every law, the fair sex indulged themselves in equal liberties with the men. But such was not the case in the early ages of Rome. Romulous, even permitted husbands to kill their wives, if they found them drinking wine. Fabius Pictus, relates that the parents of a Roman lady, having detected her picking the lock of a chest, which contained some wine, shut her up, and starved her to death.' If they had instituted the same laws and severity towards themselves, wine would not have been found in the house, to tempt the ladies.

the town and surrounding villages; reeling in their stirrups; blaspheming; making grimaces with their sea-worn visages; falling off; mounting again; disputing and withal, appearing as ridiculous as possible, before a public, that is disgusted with such folly. Sometimes the seamen, stroll about the streets, on foot, singing and shouting and revealing in open day, all the low-lived traits of character, and disagreeable propensities of an English rabble, fighting the French marines, and returning with bloody or soiled faces, to their glorious Commander in the fleet of the Mistress of the Seas. If the old comic writer, Aristophanes, should come to life, he might find a great deal that is laughable and revolting in the lower class of the English, especially, a set of that community, which the inimitable Dickens, self styled, Boz, has depicted to delight England and America.

Such beastly conduct, should rather warn than amuse us. Remember that the habit of intemperance, if it be not entirely broken off, and forever, follows the man till death. The Greeks represented Bacchus, crowned with ivy. The wine embraces the debauchee, as the ivy does a noble tree, which, for a time, flourishes with it, but gradually poisons it, until the victim of that dangerous union withers, decays and, at last, falls to the ground with its deadly foe.

Allow me then, to congratulate you, on the success which has hitherto attended this cause, and the determined zeal which I still witness among you, to carry out your plans to their full extent, until the Government itself, shall take the burthen from your shoulders, by regarding the sot in the light of a criminal. That suicide of reason, that self inflicted madness, should not be allowed to roam about like a Vandal, against morals and peace, making wrecks of social order, and ruining mankind. How many monuments of female loveliness, once radiant in the sunbeams, and graceful as a Grecian temple's proportions, are now graves and tombstones of an abandoned character, sinking beauty and good morals, into a sea of dissipation. Arise, then, ye Washingtonians and Juvenile bands of Reform, and finish your laudible work.

I know it is Europe's interest, to persuade you to remain as you have been, that she may speculate on your misfortunes. But you must not heed those foreign merchants, who endeavor to discourage your cause, by making wine cheaper, and using false arguments in favor of its patronage. Let the army of temperance be levied anew and again, till you conquer; and then let the banners of pure water, wave in a triumphal procession, before the world, as a sober lesson to despotic monarchs and kings. Let the clouds themselves, with the rainbow banners of heaven, wander abroad as missionaries of your reform, to preach and dispense to other nations, the good example of America.

Cast this tyrant, the Hydra, Intemperance, into the Tartarean regions. May this relentless Despot be there subjected to the fate of Tantalus. Let him be refused his favorite cordial, and when the pure water is placed before his thirsty lips, may the beverage which he has so much despised, be suddenly snatched from his contaminating spirit.

TRANSLATION, WITH ADDITIONS, FROM AN  
ANTI-BACCHANALIAN SONG OF MODERN GREECE,  
CALLED TOICHOMACHIA (WALL-FIGHT.\*)

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Ye fathers of the wine, who fight,  
Ye need no sword of steel, that's bright,  
You, champions, all, inspired by rum,  
You want no armour, spear or drum ;  
No knives, of sharpest edge, to fling,  
Your conflict asks a different thing.  
To guard your senseless, beastly life,  
You ought to have, in such a strife  
A skull so thick, that you can bear,  
The knocks you suffer, here and there,  
While staggering in the narrow street,  
Where walls oppose you, that you meet.  
Your head should be quite tough, to jam,  
Like some besieging Batt'ring-Ram :  
In such a case, you might succeed,  
To *beat* the walls, that check your speed.  
Come on, like heroes of the bar,  
Each boozy, tipsy, Pallicar. †  
Now with a fuddled ardor go  
And drive your heads against the foe ;  
Quick, onward soldiers, do not halt,  
But take the *Rum-part* by assault.  
Oh, don't give up the ground, my men,  
Ye Bacchanalians charge again !  
You cannot *stand* your ground, you must  
Fall down, and wallow in the dust.  
Ye Knights unknown to steal and brass,  
You are the Order of the Glass.  
" Glory to Grog ; hurra for Rum !  
Oh, true American ! send some."  
Now Bacchus, with his thyrsus keen,  
Is piercing through the heart and spleen.  
Adieu, sobriety and law !  
Hail riot, crime, debauch'ry, war !  
Your valor 's yelled by boys in town,  
Who wreath you with a muddy crown ;  
You get a red head, swelled with pain,  
The trophy of the field you gain.  
Be wise, be warned by such a fight,  
Disgraceful and disgusting sight.

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\* This is an excellent name : for the streets in Greece and Turkey, are so narrow, that they present a fine chance for the drunkards to develop their Craniological Dumps of *Bacchanalian-drunkenness*.

† Brave.

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